

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

MODERN

DECEMBER
No. 56

COMICS 10¢

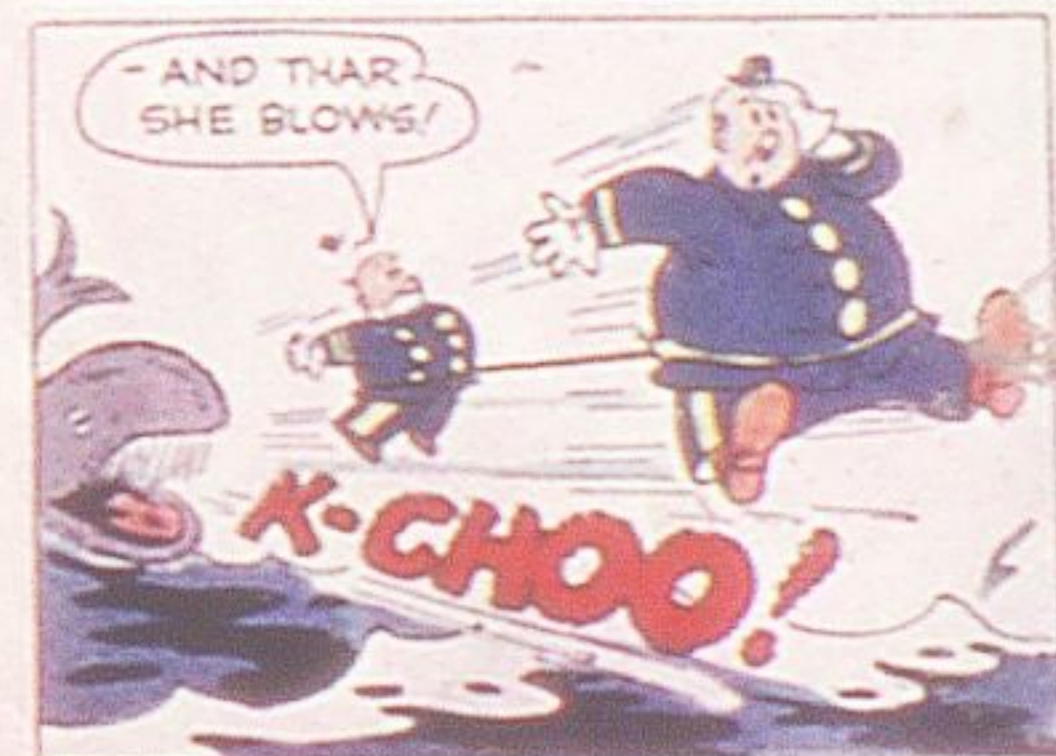
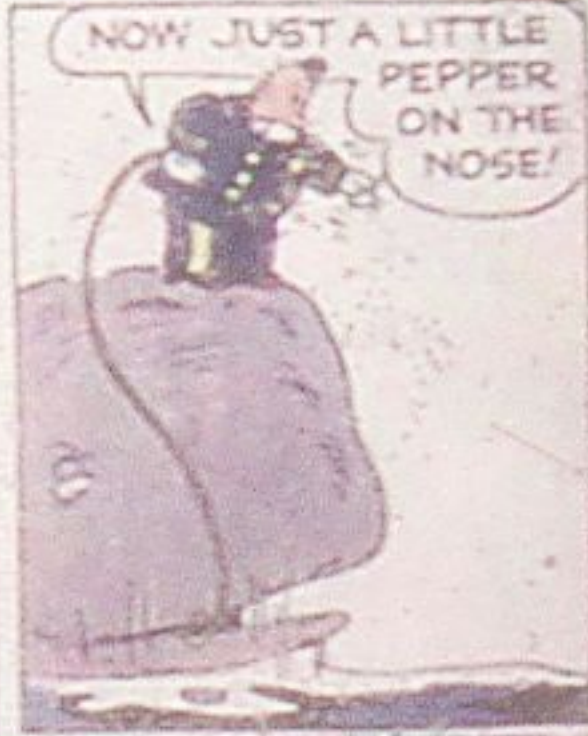
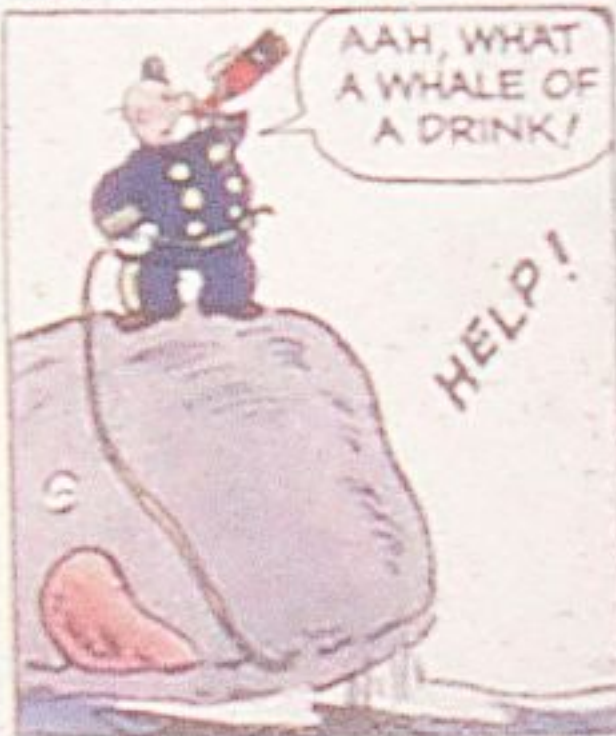




WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

'Aepsi' THE PEPSI-COLA COP

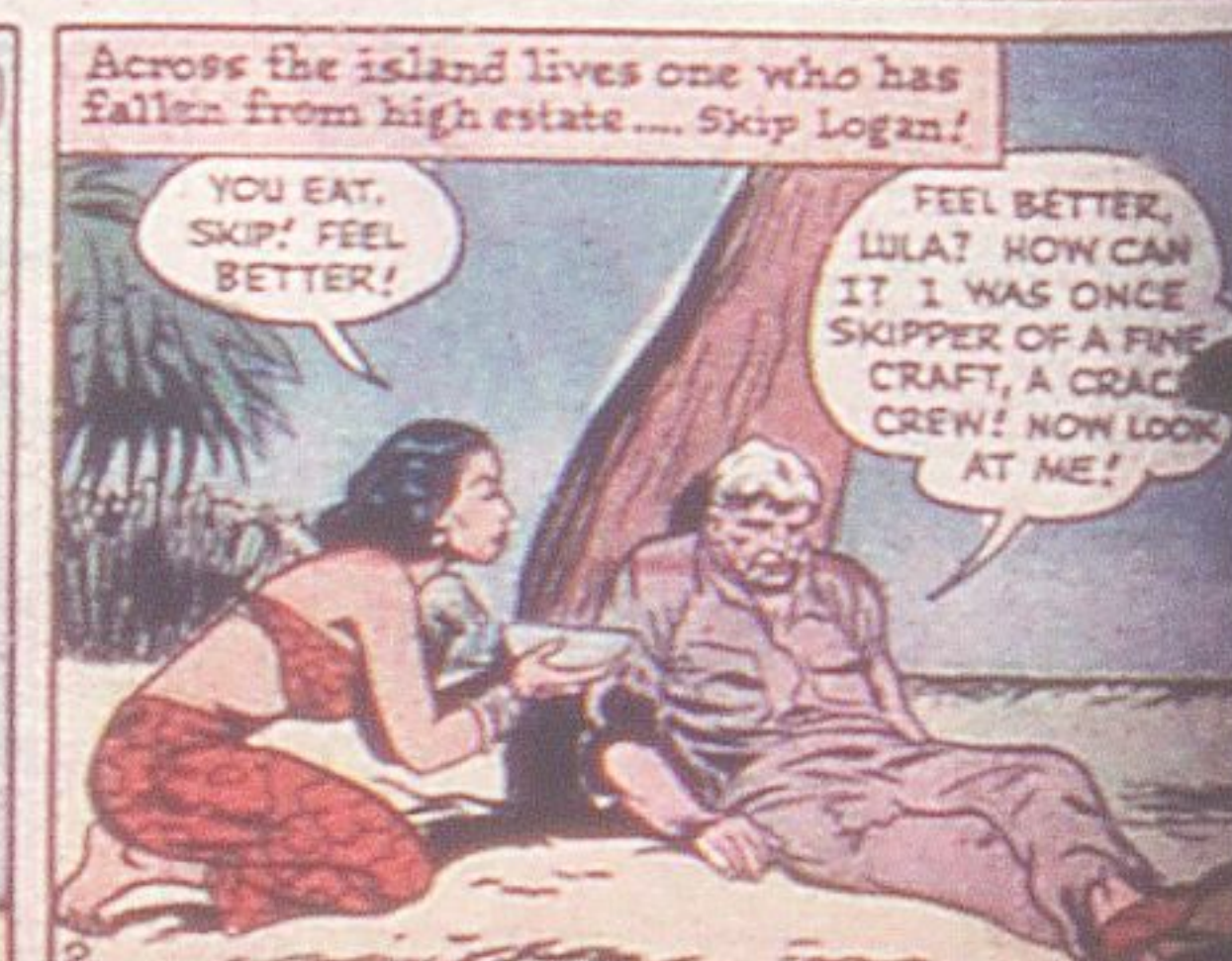
S.O.S. POLICE-BOAT LONG OVERDUE PEPSI AND PETE MISSING S.O.S.

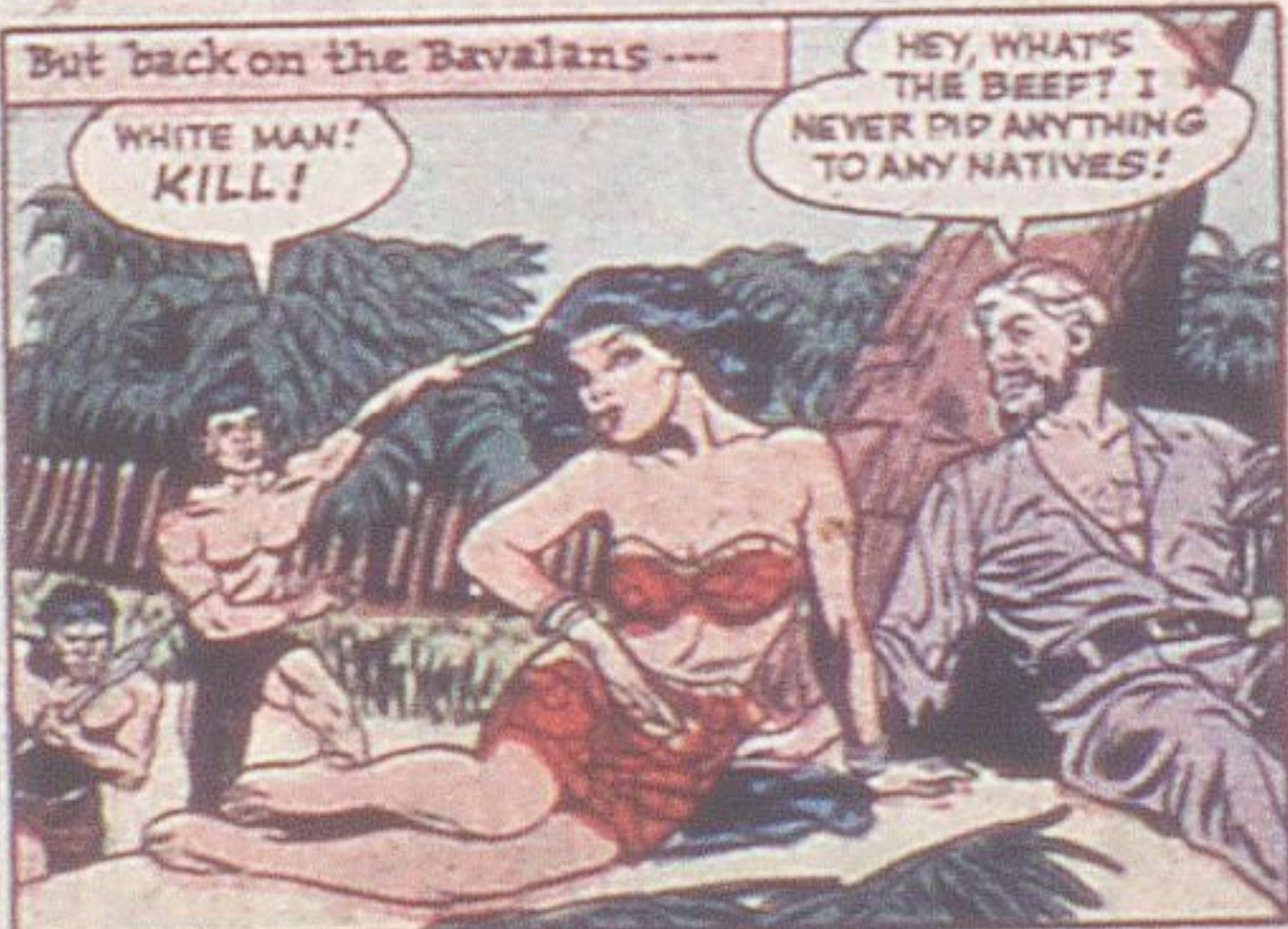


BLACKHAWK

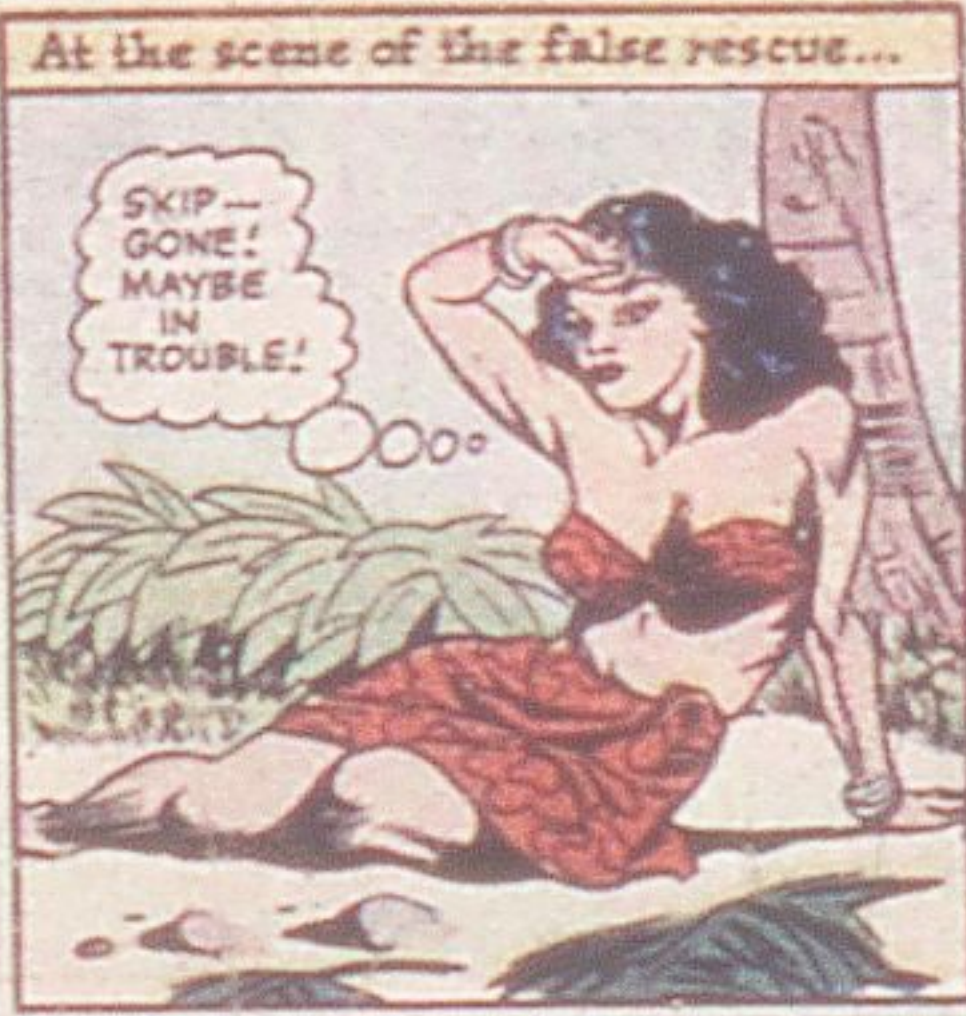


No matter where — how small or how far a corner of the Earth — There you will find EVIL! And there, too, will you find the *BLACKHAWKS*, administering justice! Such was the case of the *BAVALON ISLANDS* where the *MIGHTY BLACKHAWK* was taken into bondage!

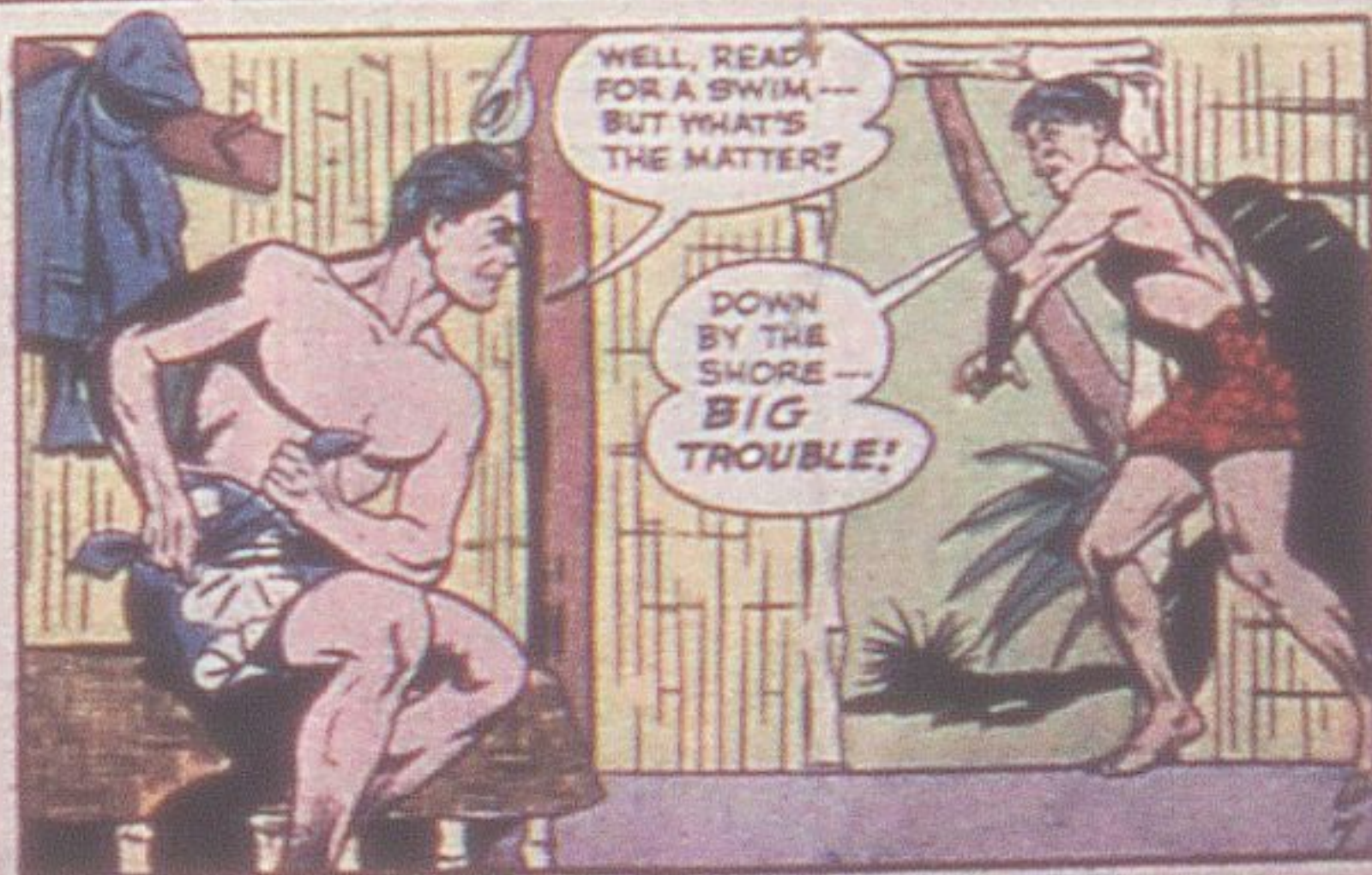


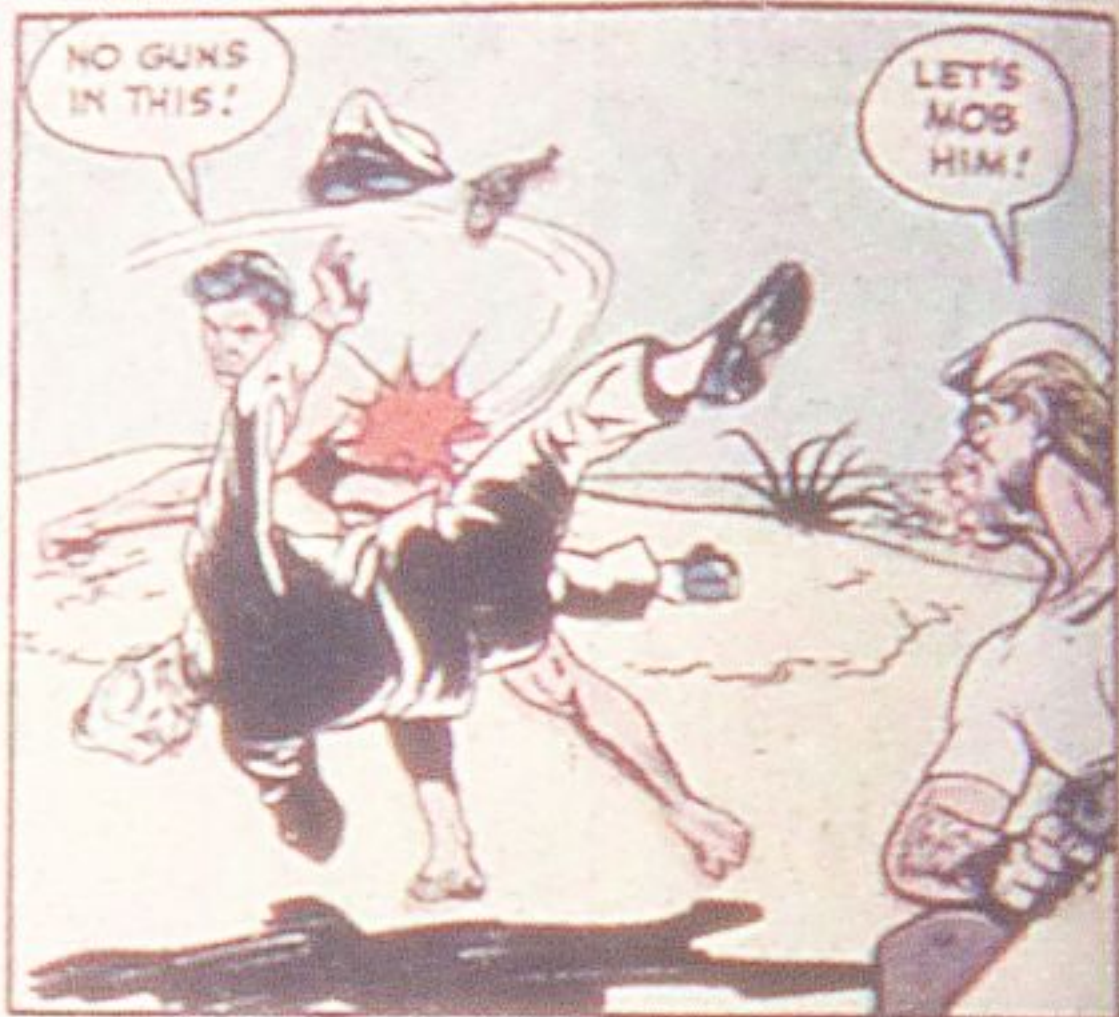




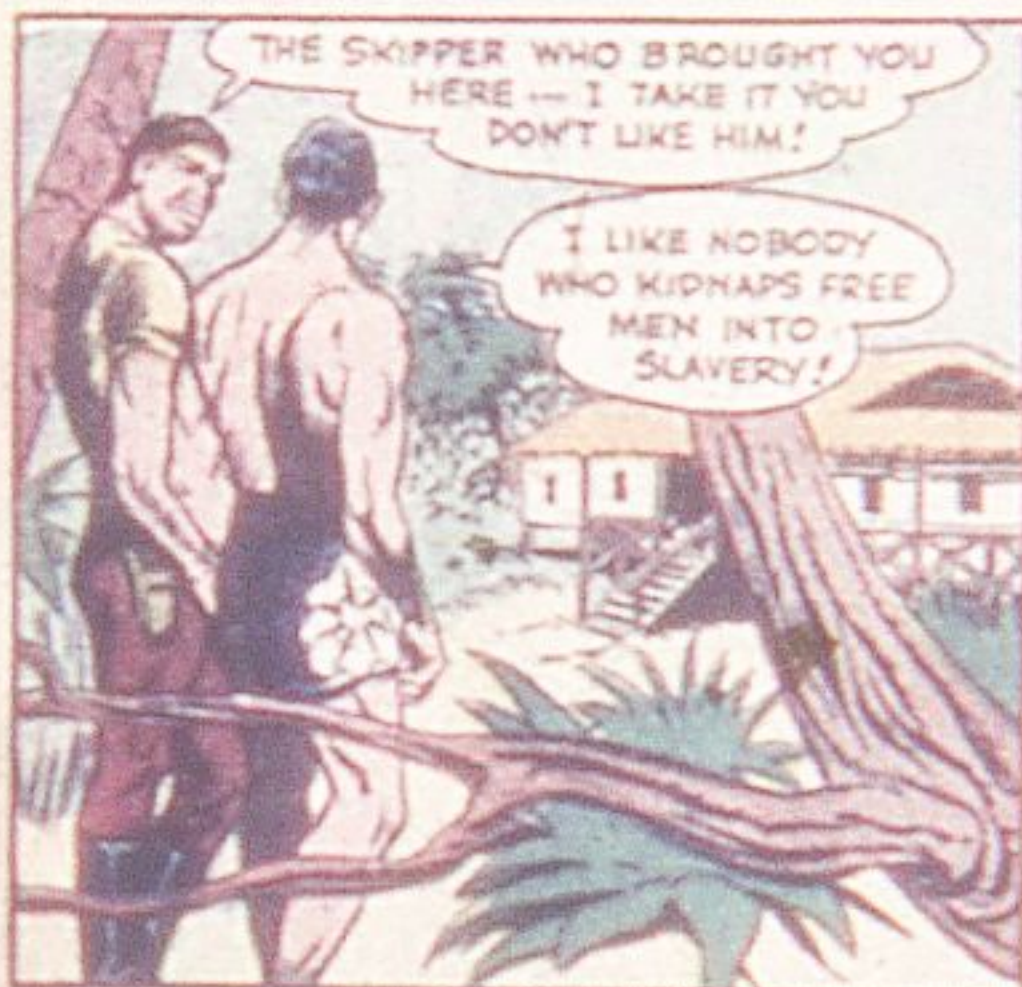


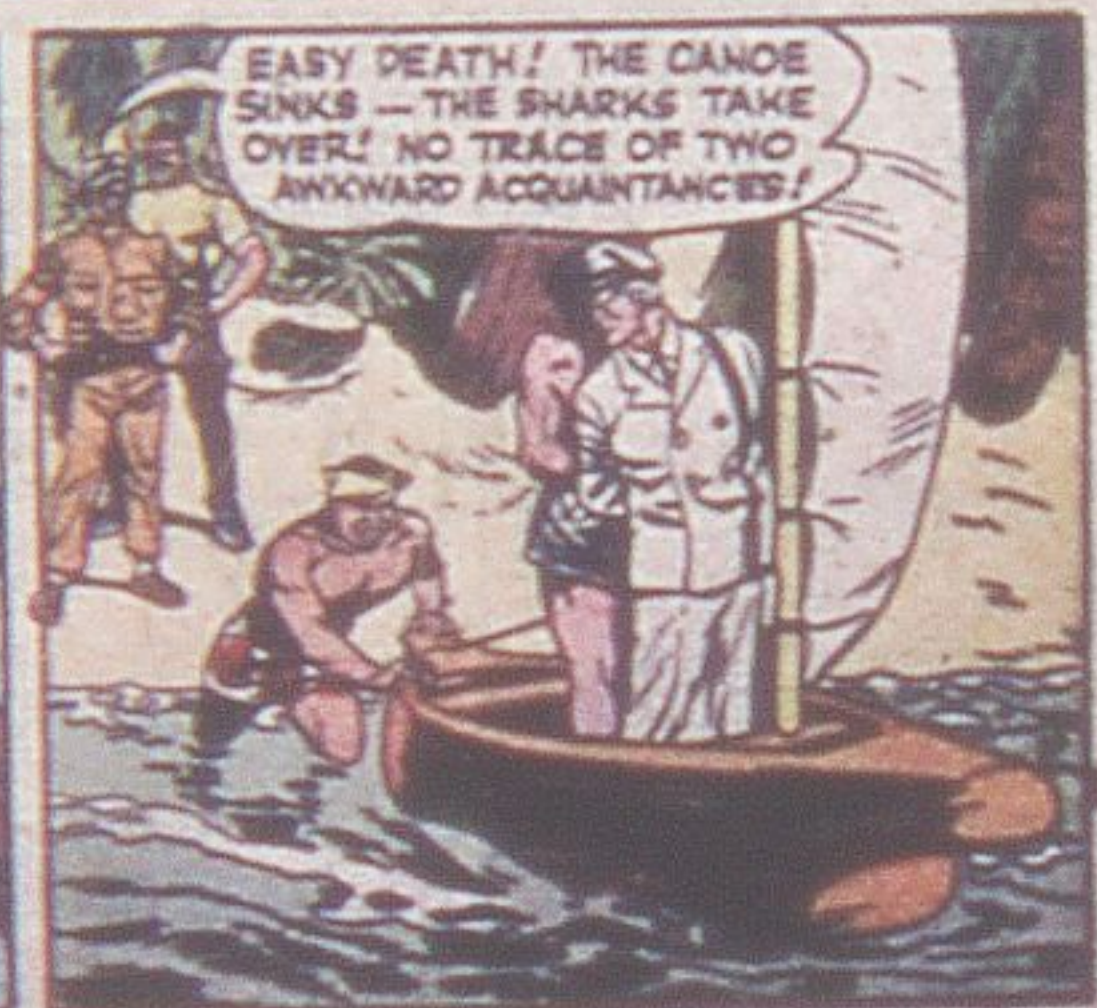
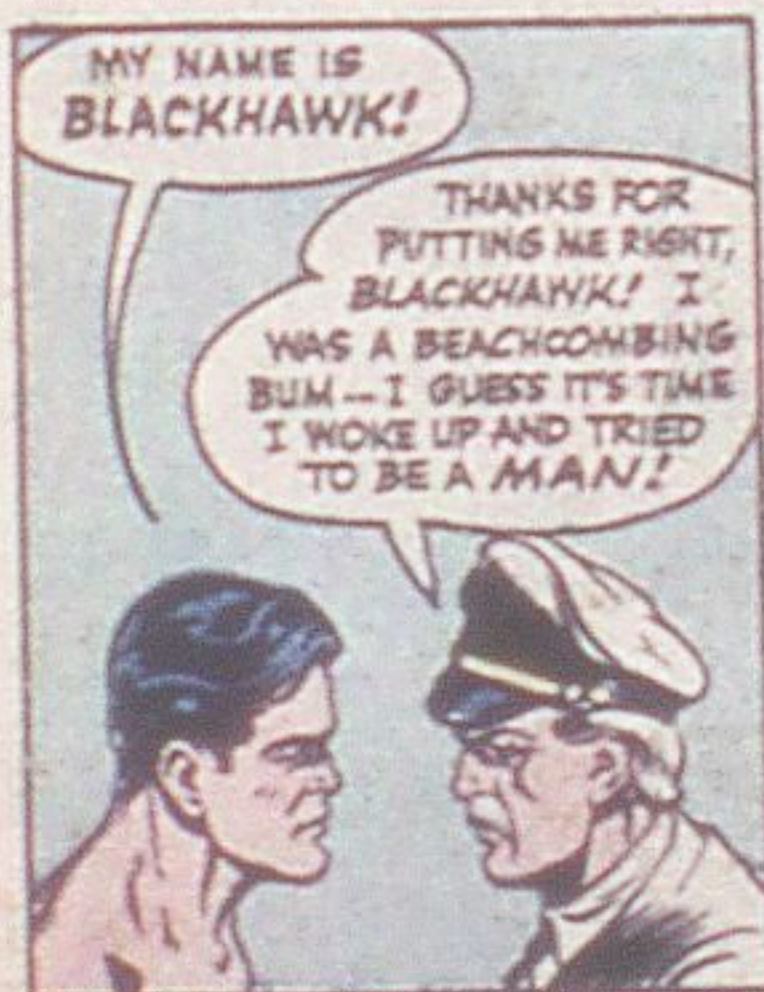


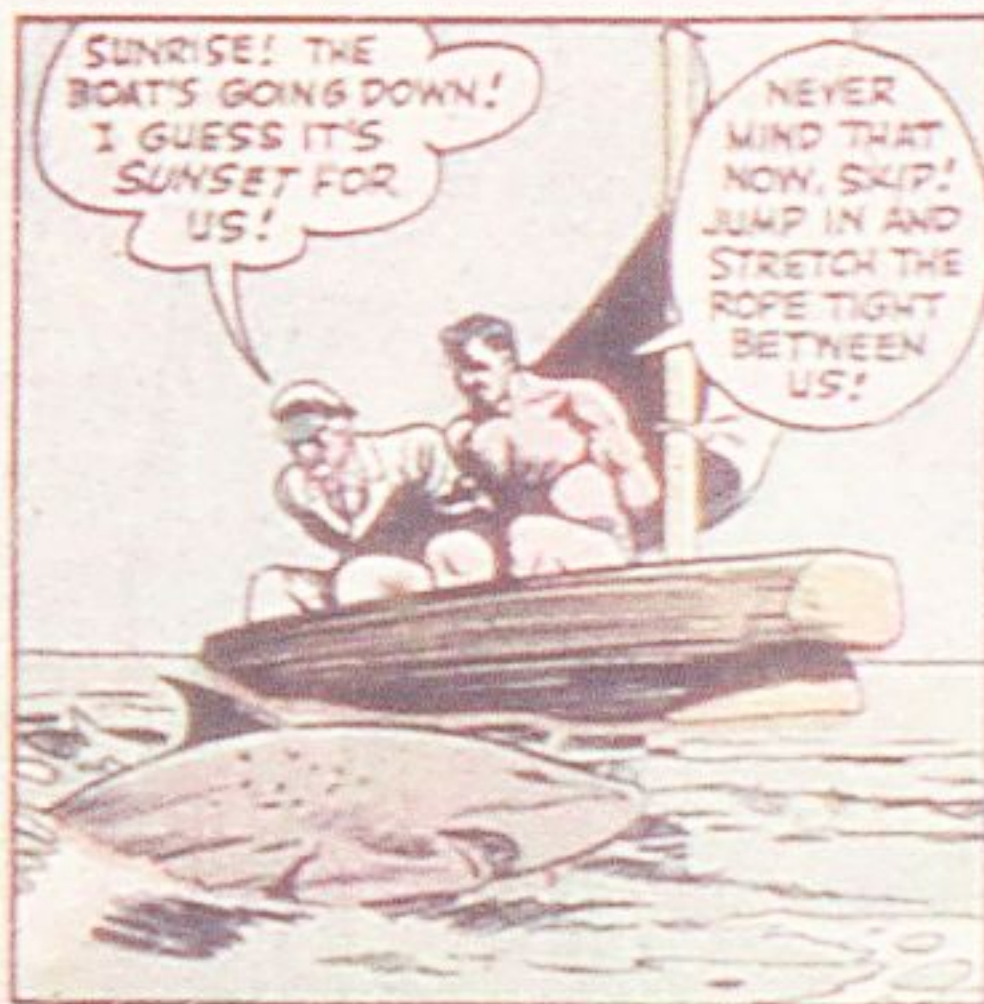


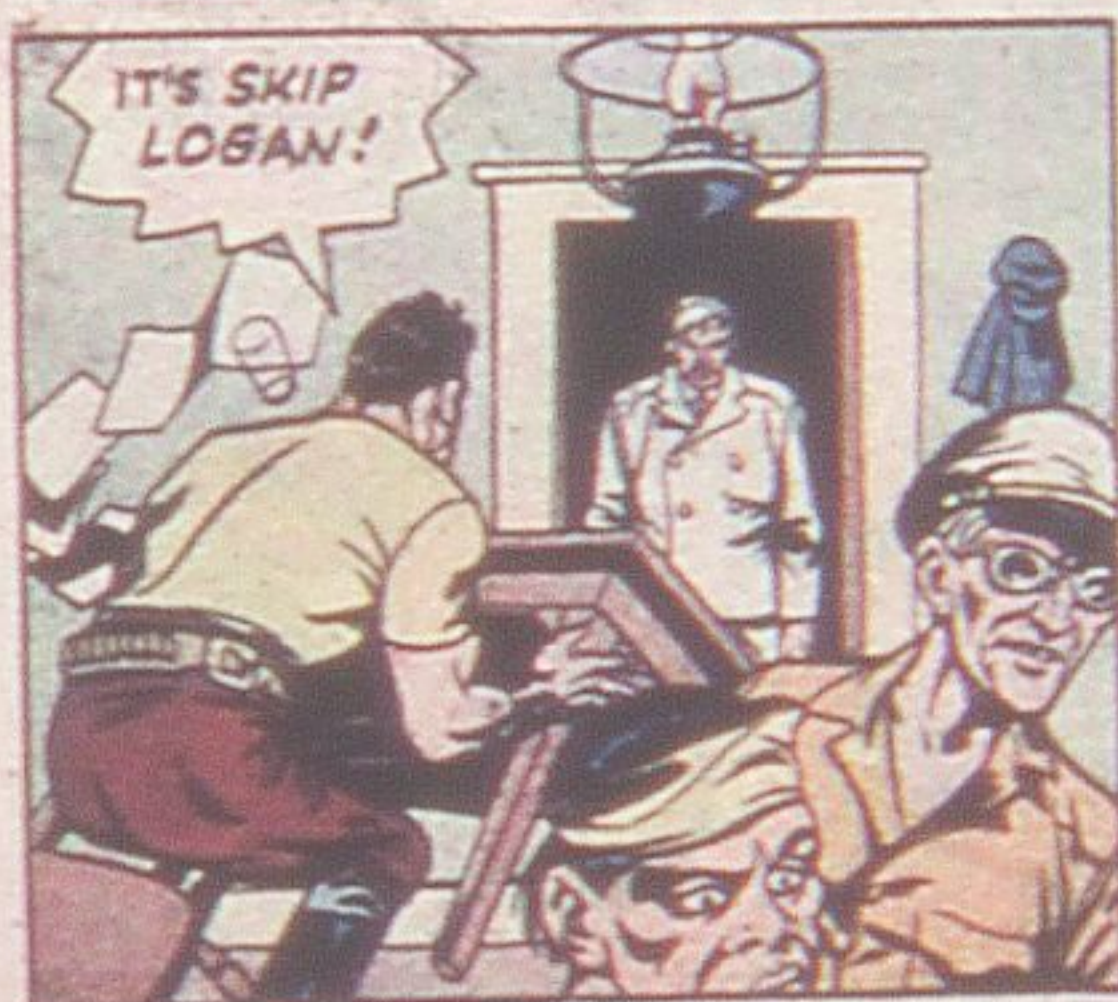




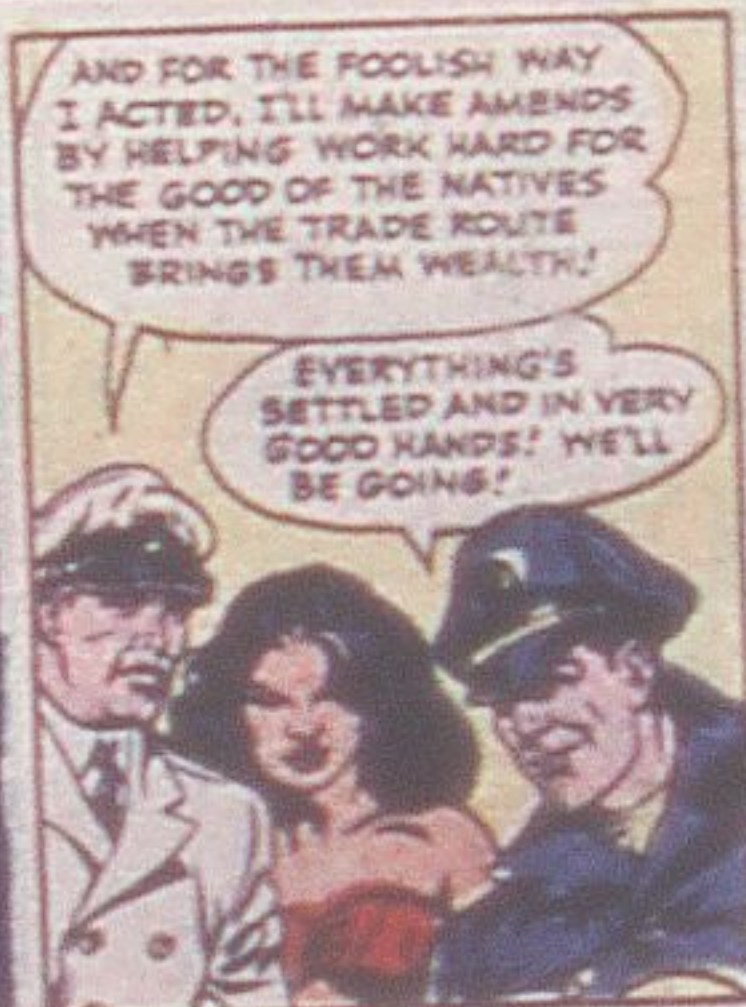
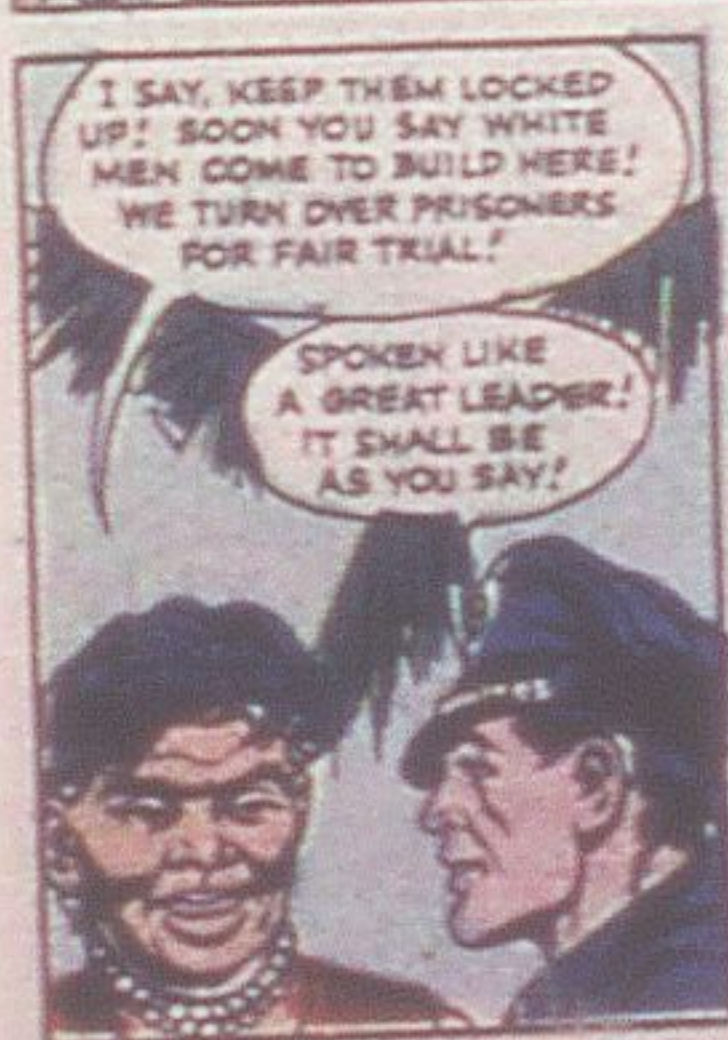




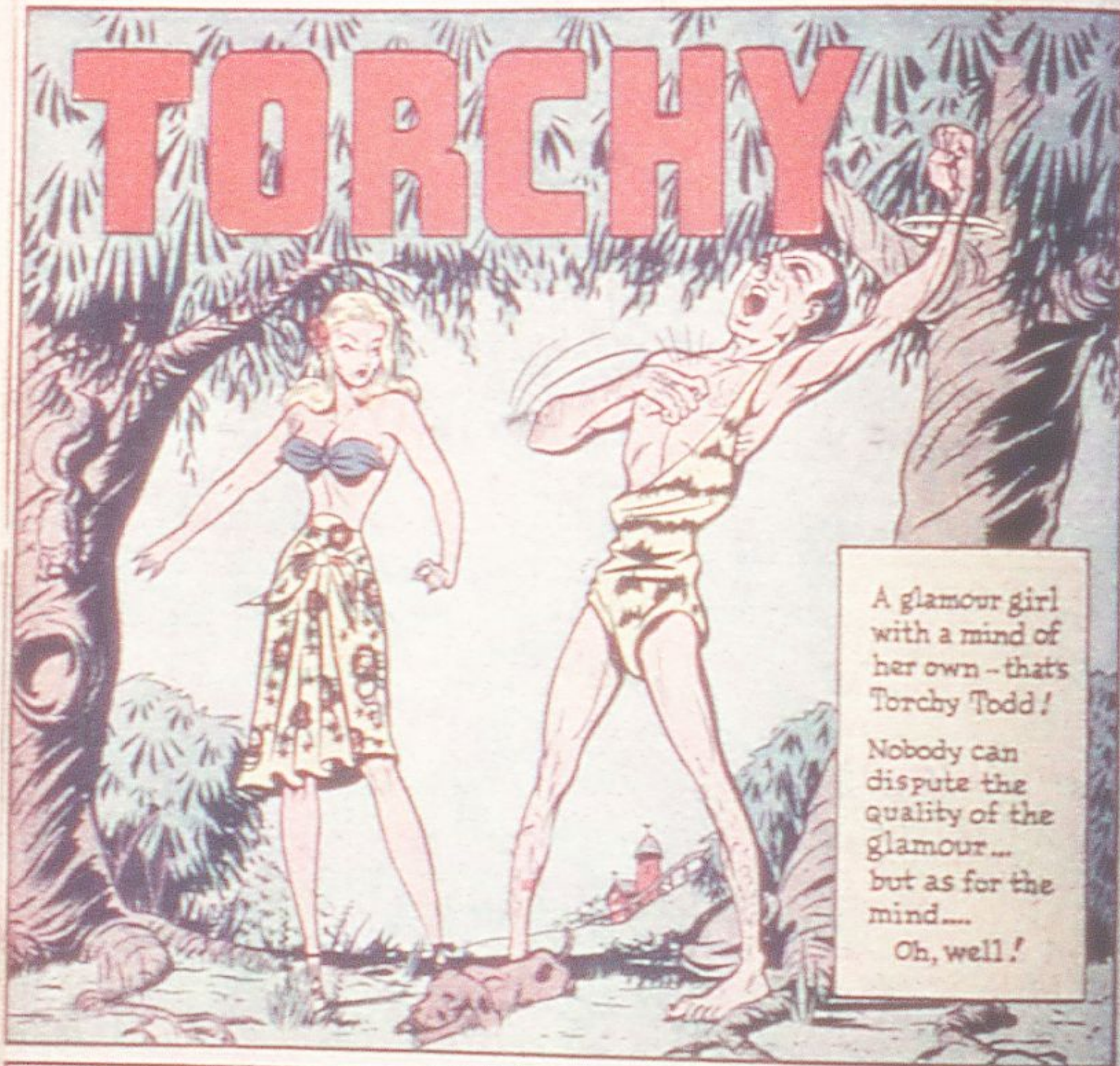








TORCHY



A glamour girl
with a mind of
her own - that's
Torchy Todd!

Nobody can
dispute the
quality of the
glamour...
but as for the
mind....

Oh, well!

OSCAR, I CERTAINLY WAS
SURPRISED WHEN YOU
INVITED ME OUT ON
A PICNIC! I DIDN'T
THINK YOU WERE
THE OUTDOOR
TYPE!

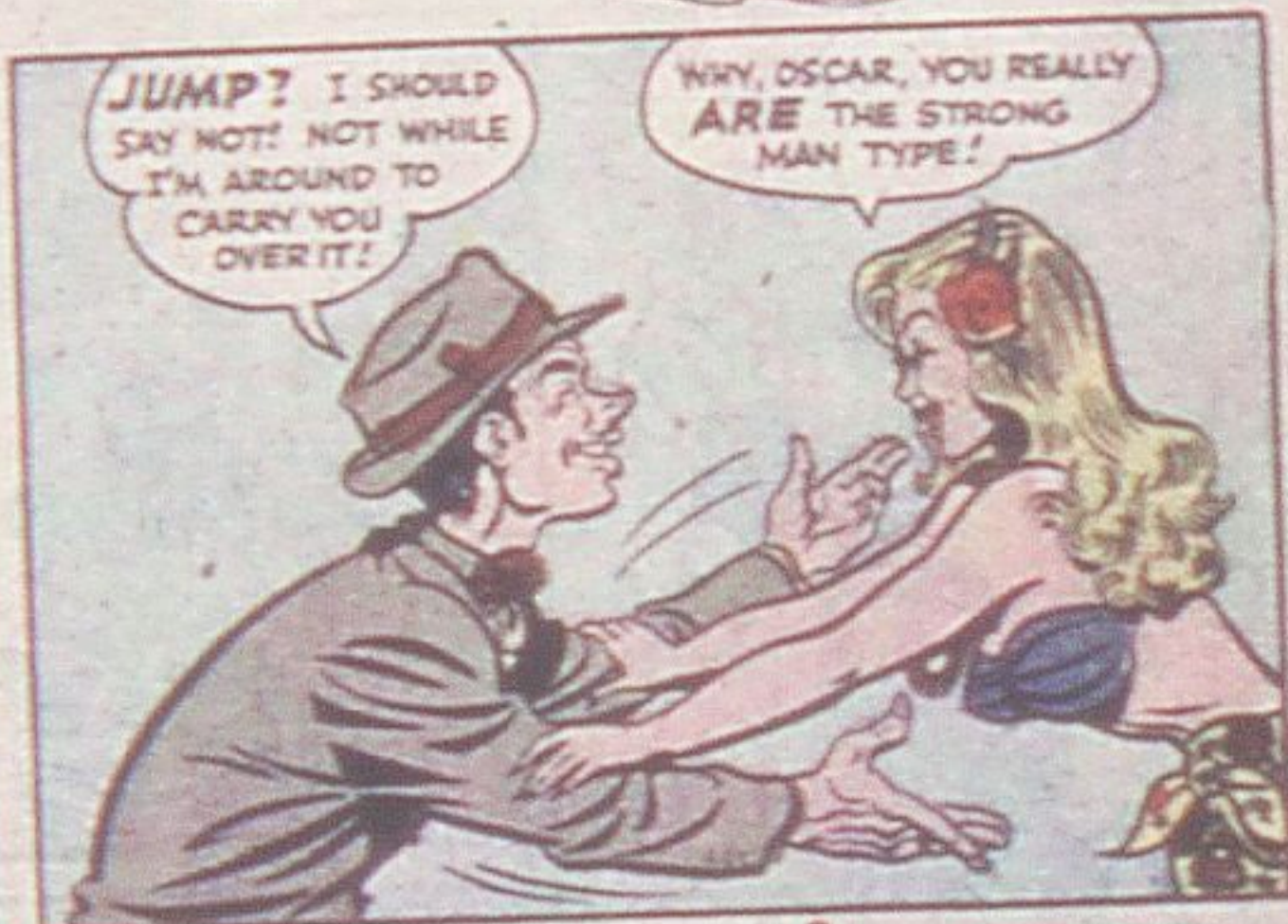
WHY,
TORCHY,
HOW
COULD
YOU THINK
ANYTHING
ELSE?

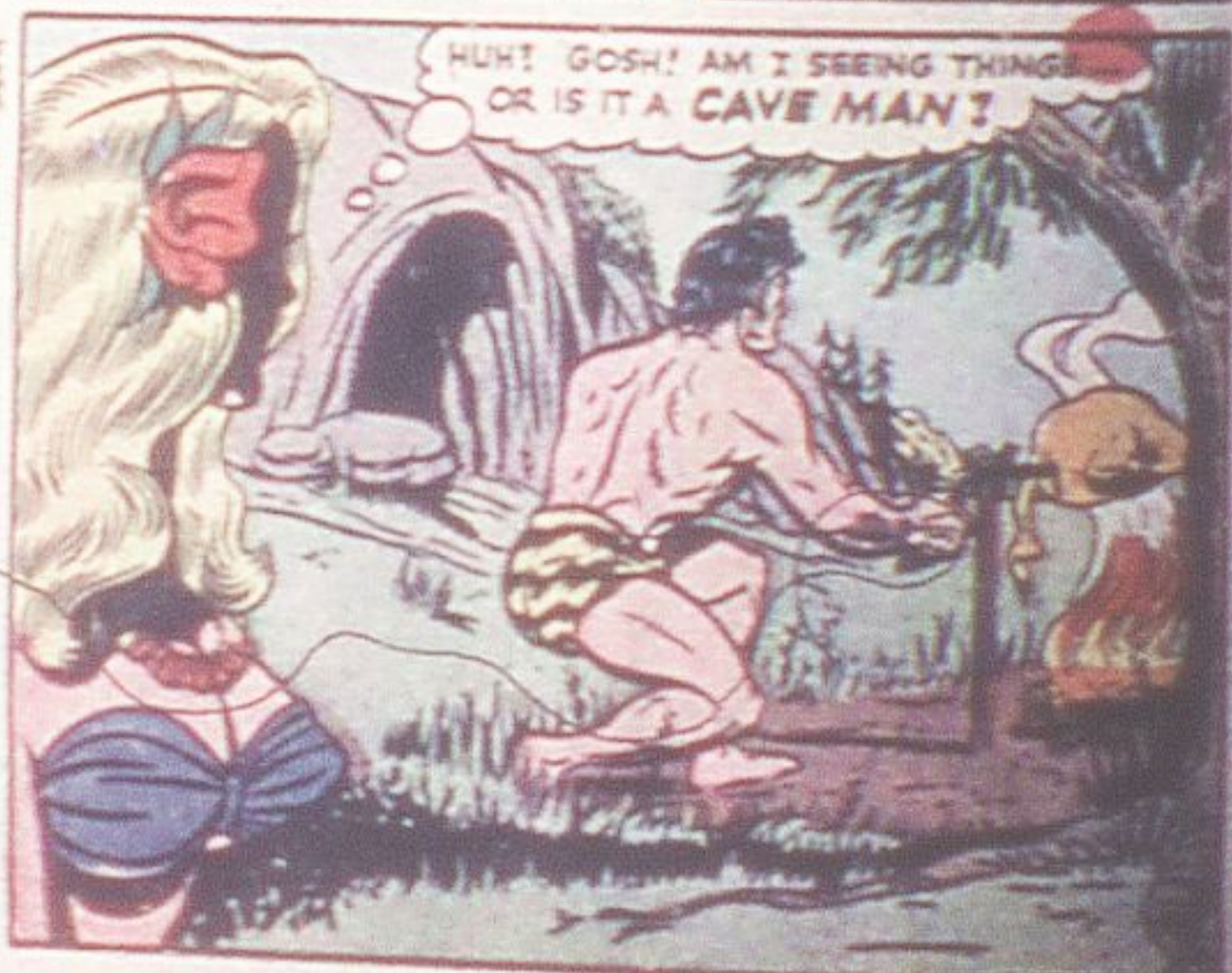
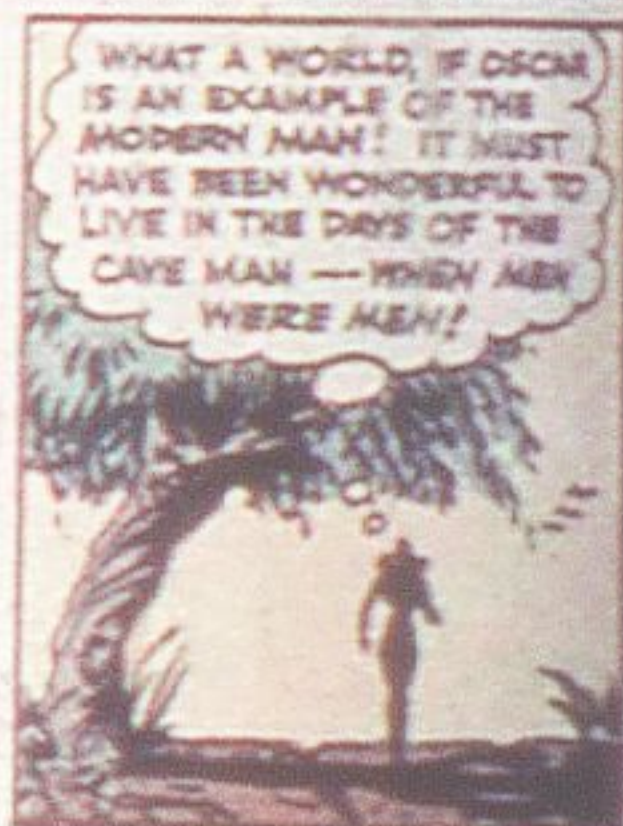
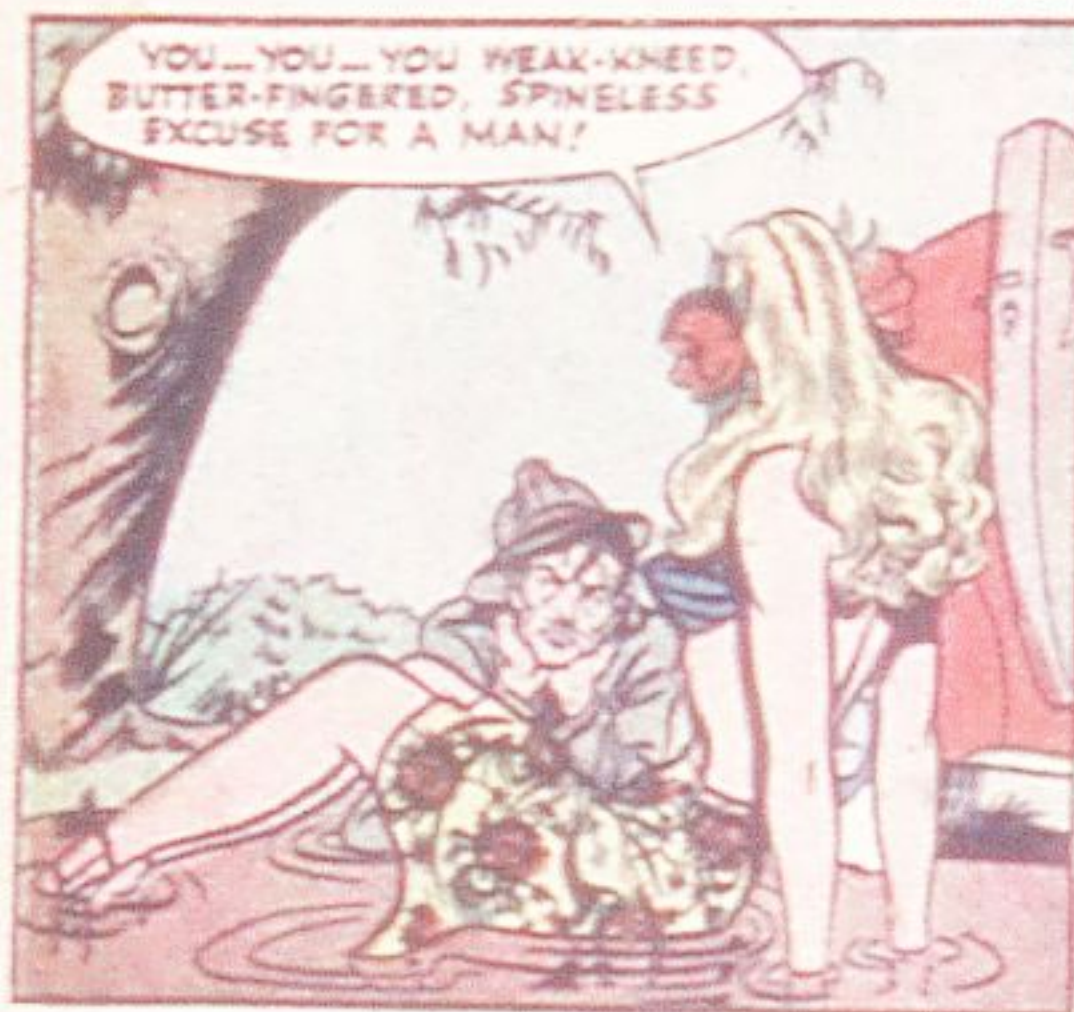
ANYBODY CAN SEE I'M THE
KIND OF MAN WHO'S AT
HIS BEST UNDER
THE OPEN SKIES!

YOU
ARE!

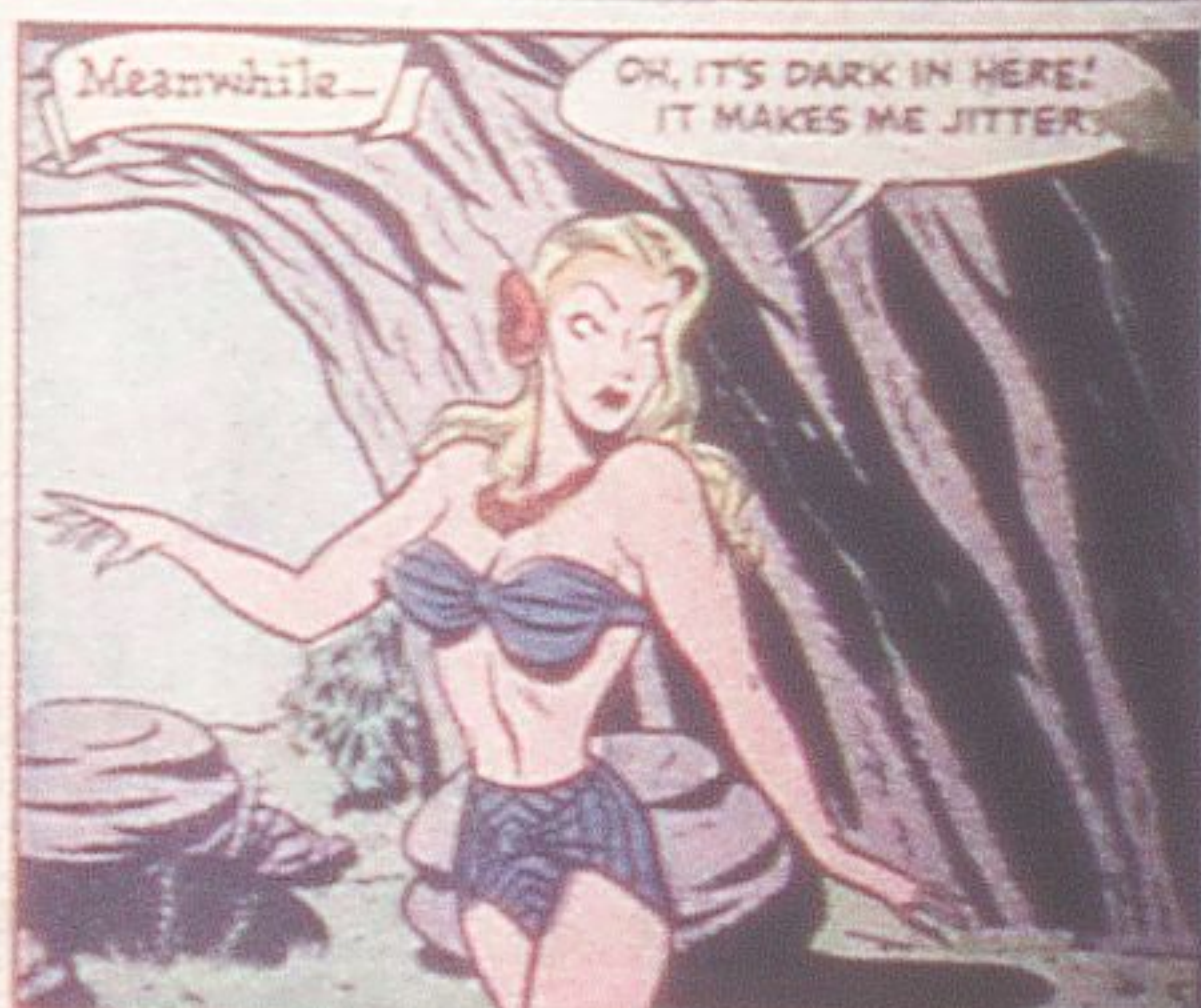
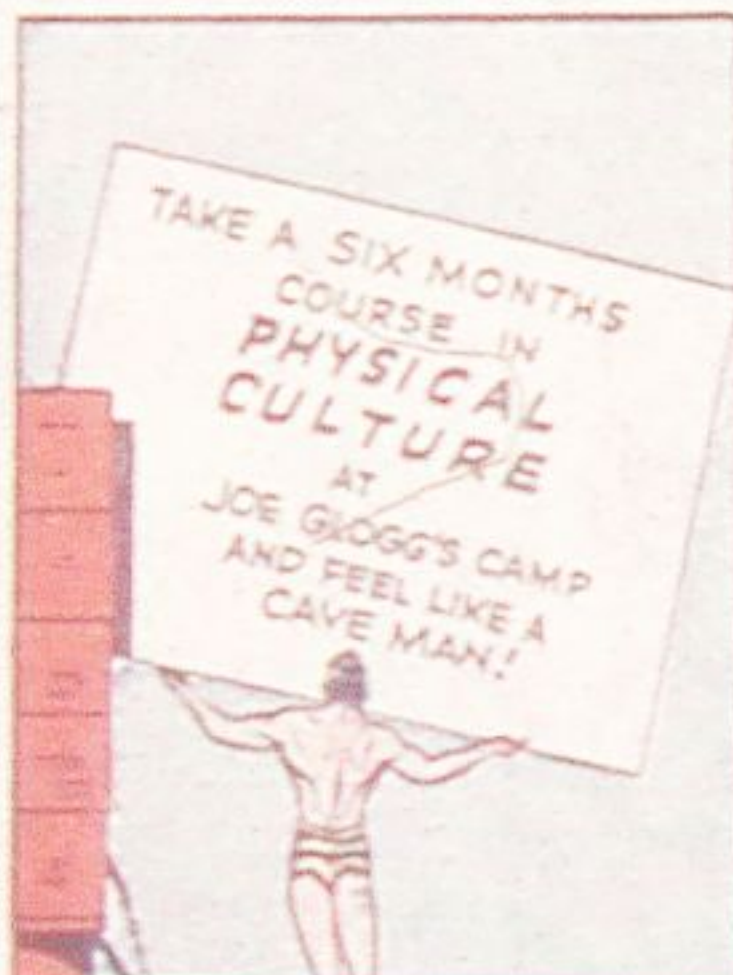
OSCAR,
WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

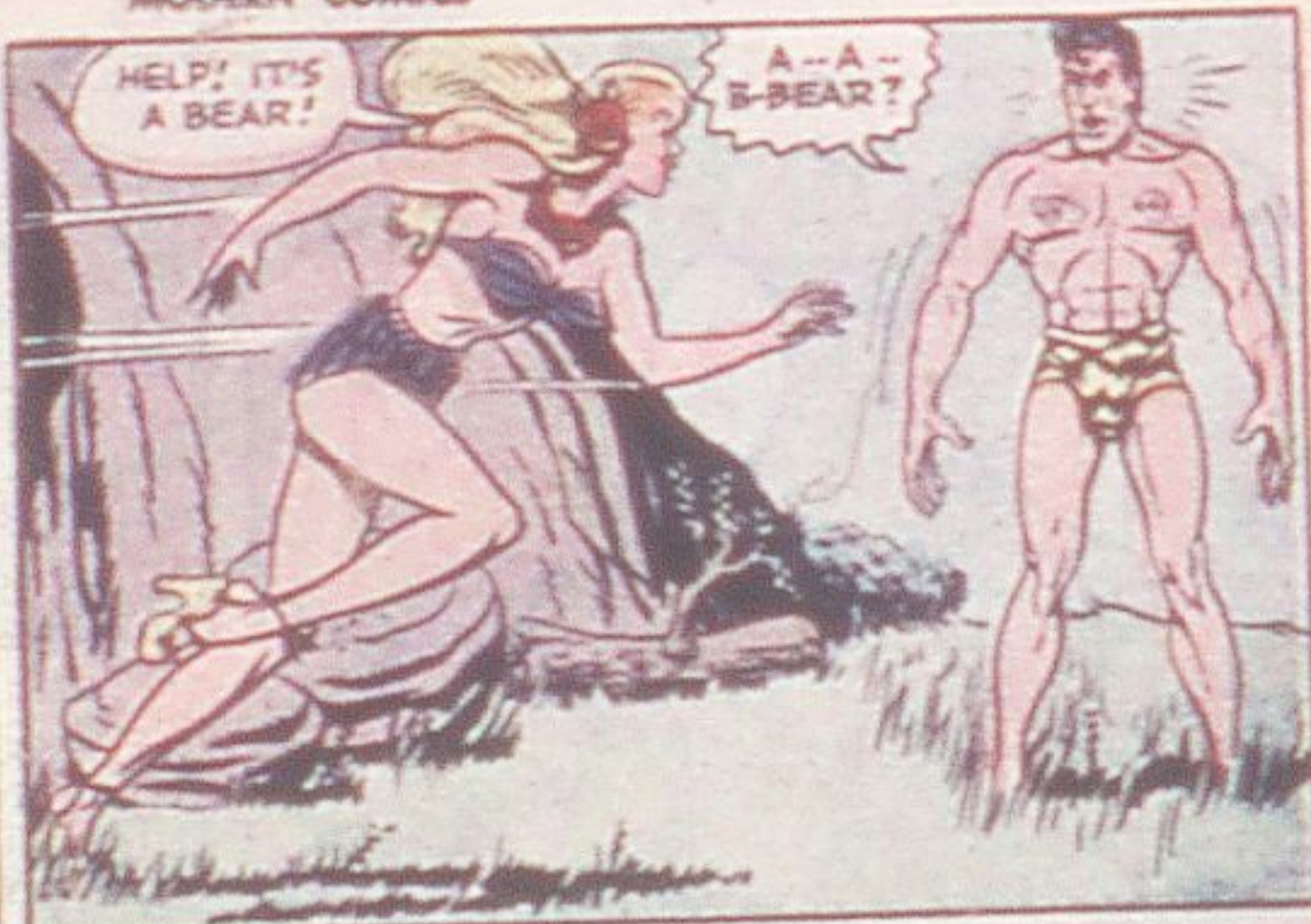
PUFF!
GURGLE!
OH-H!



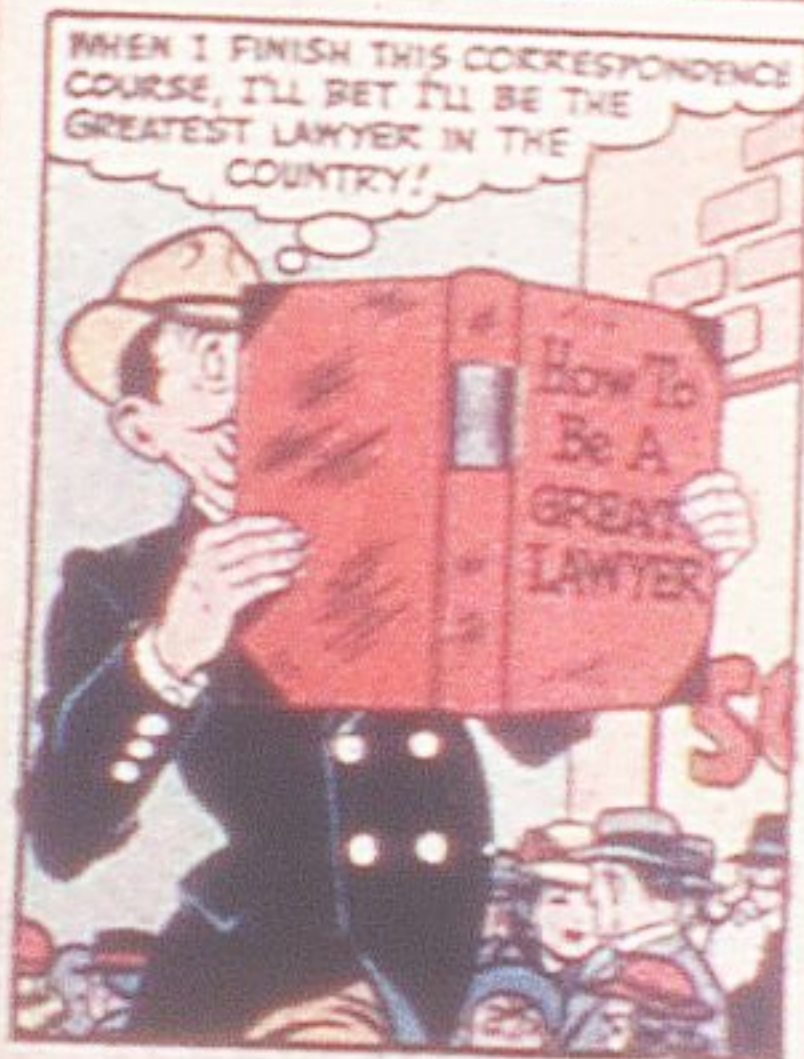








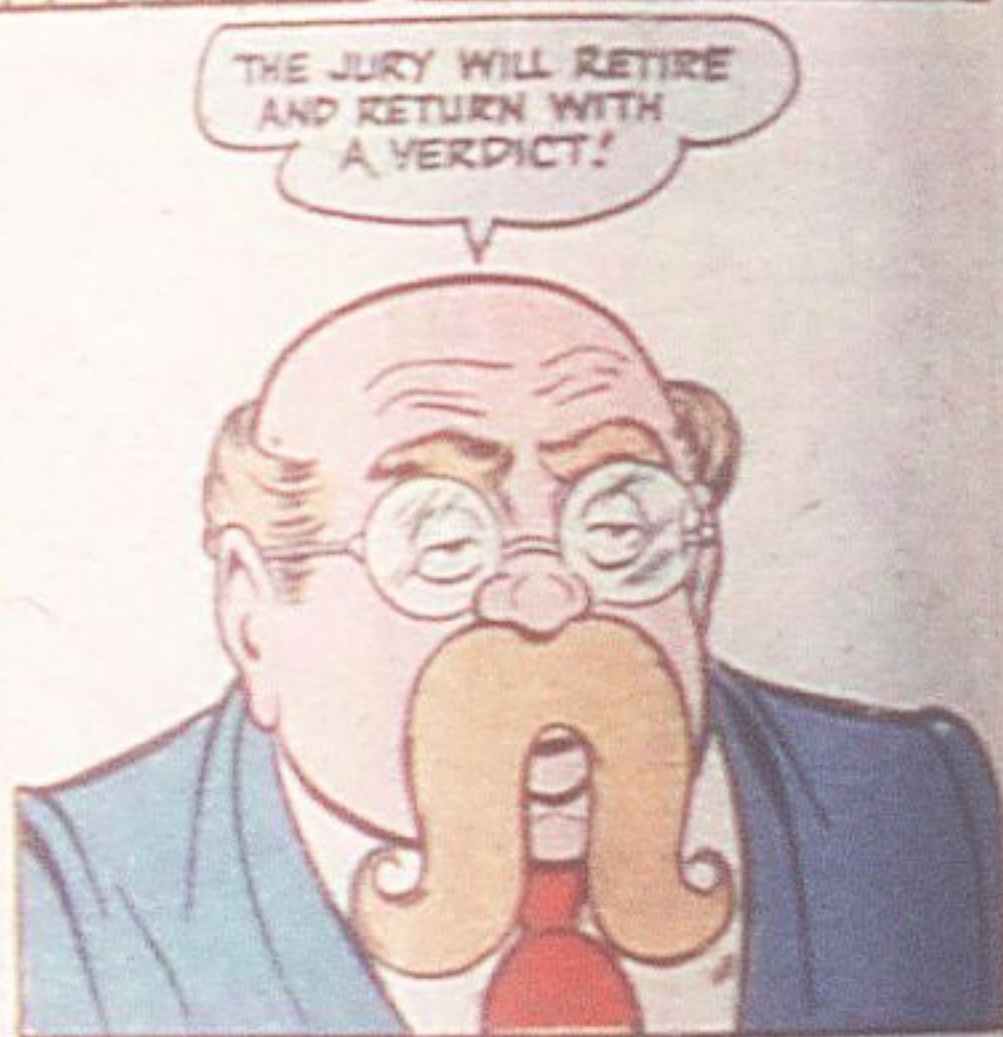
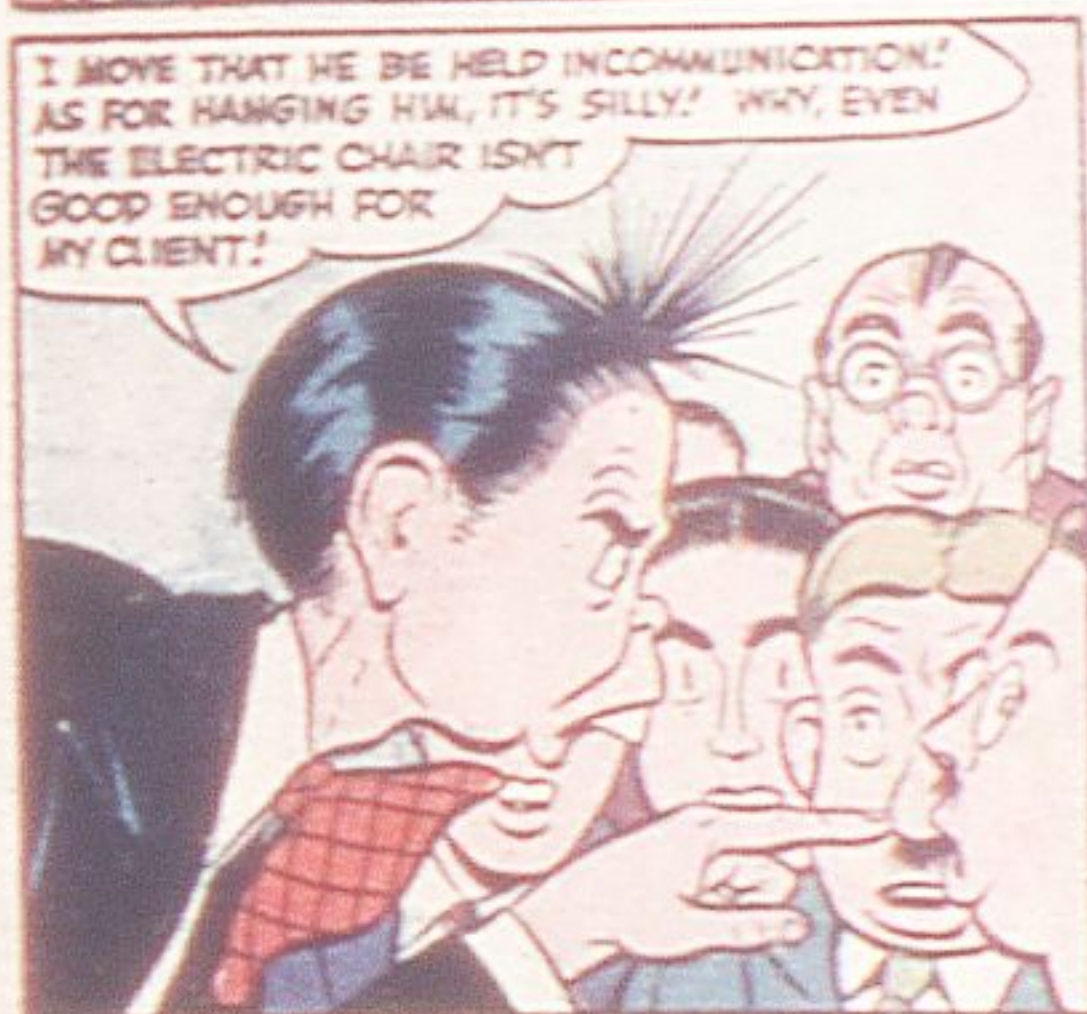
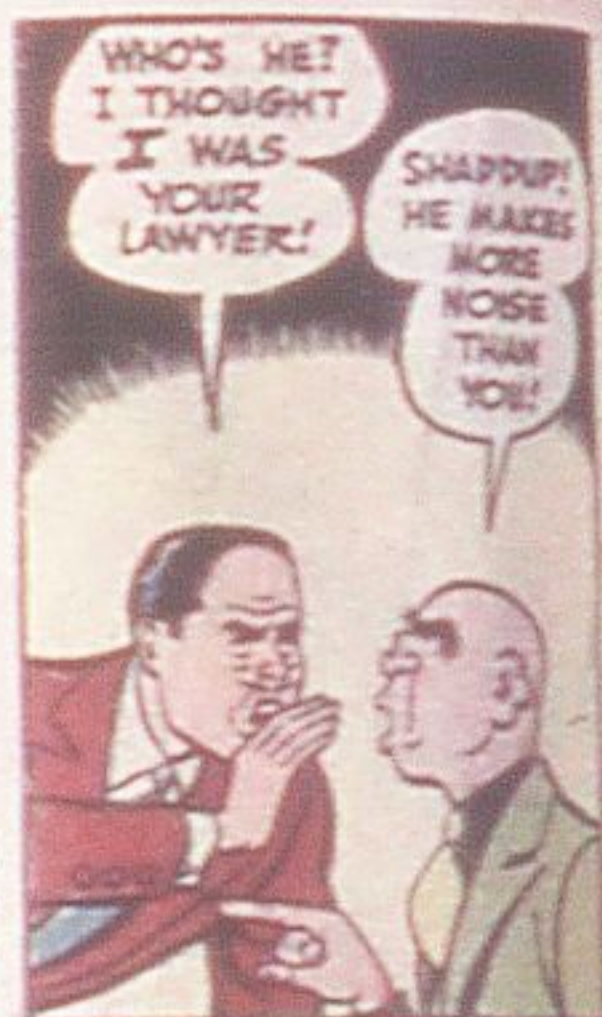
DOGTAG

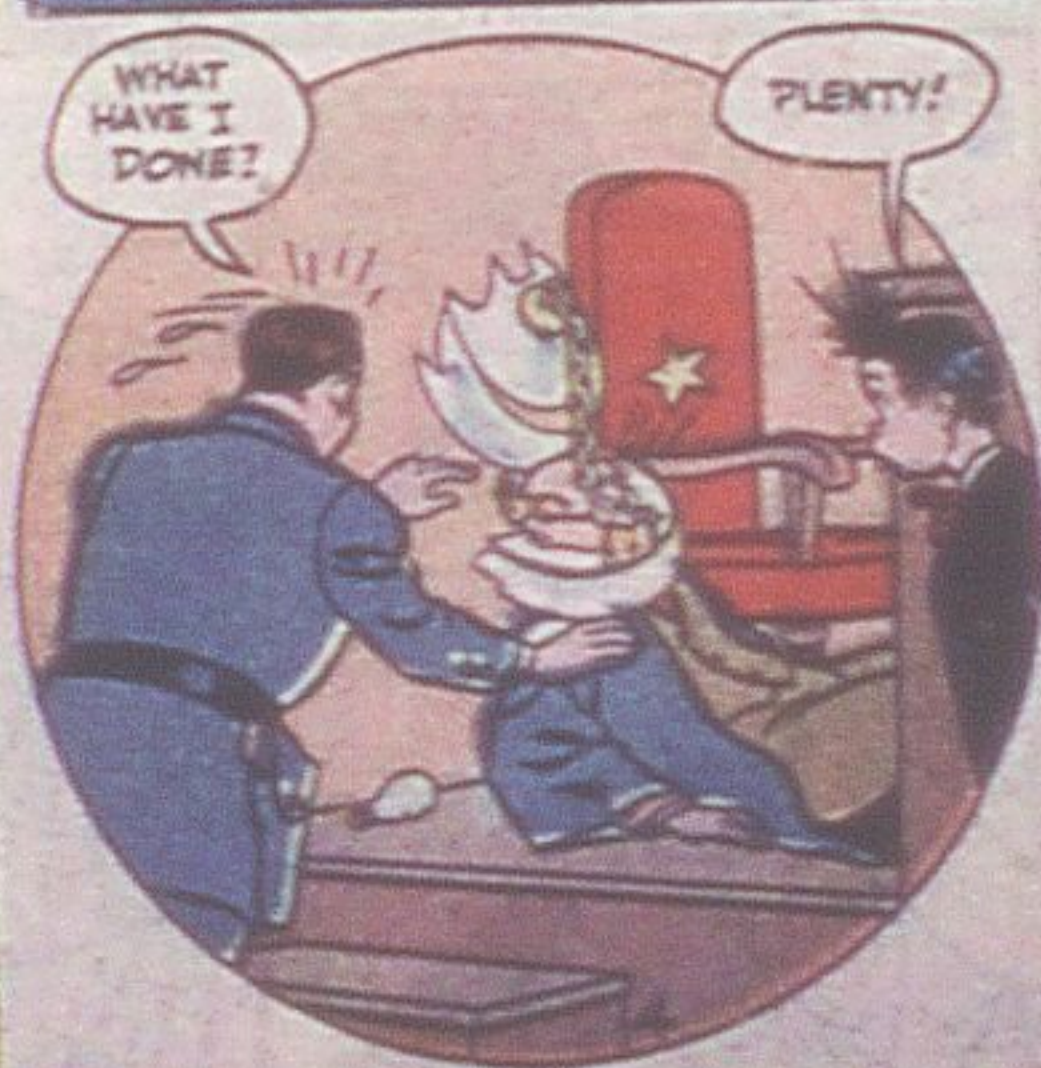
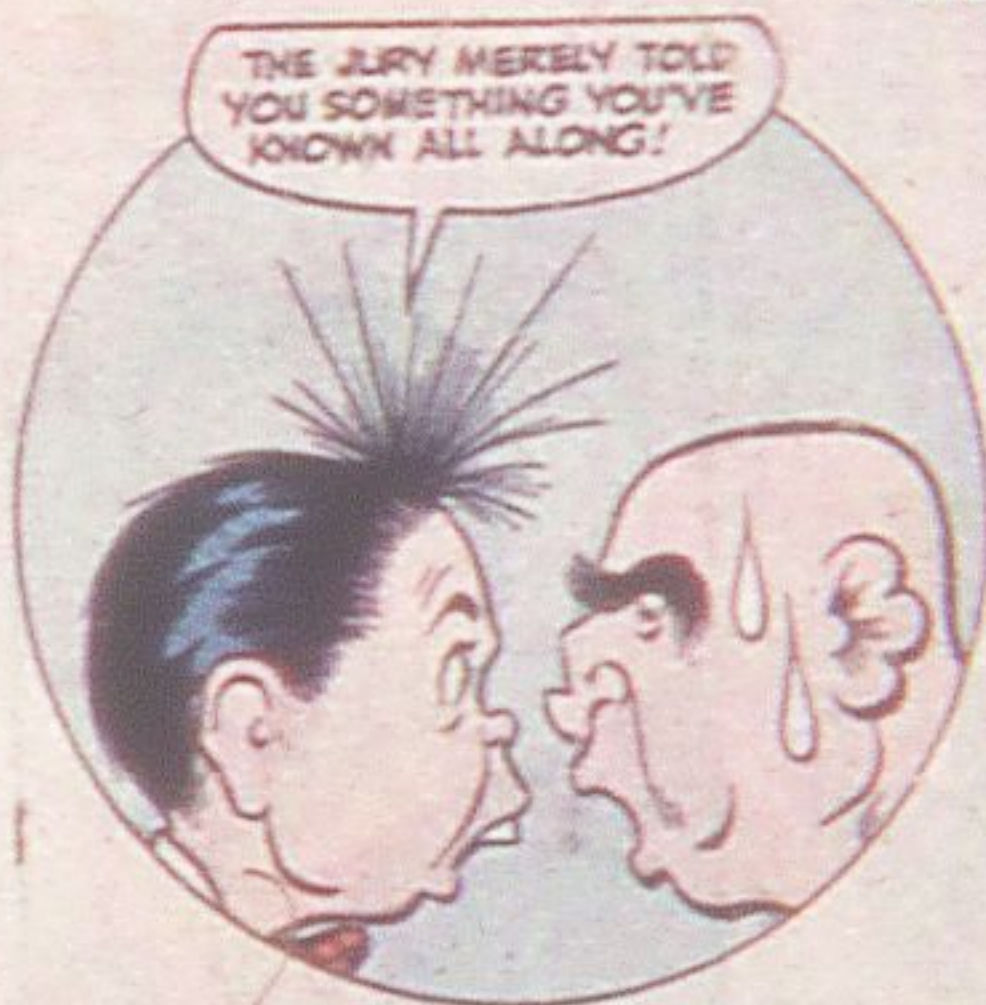


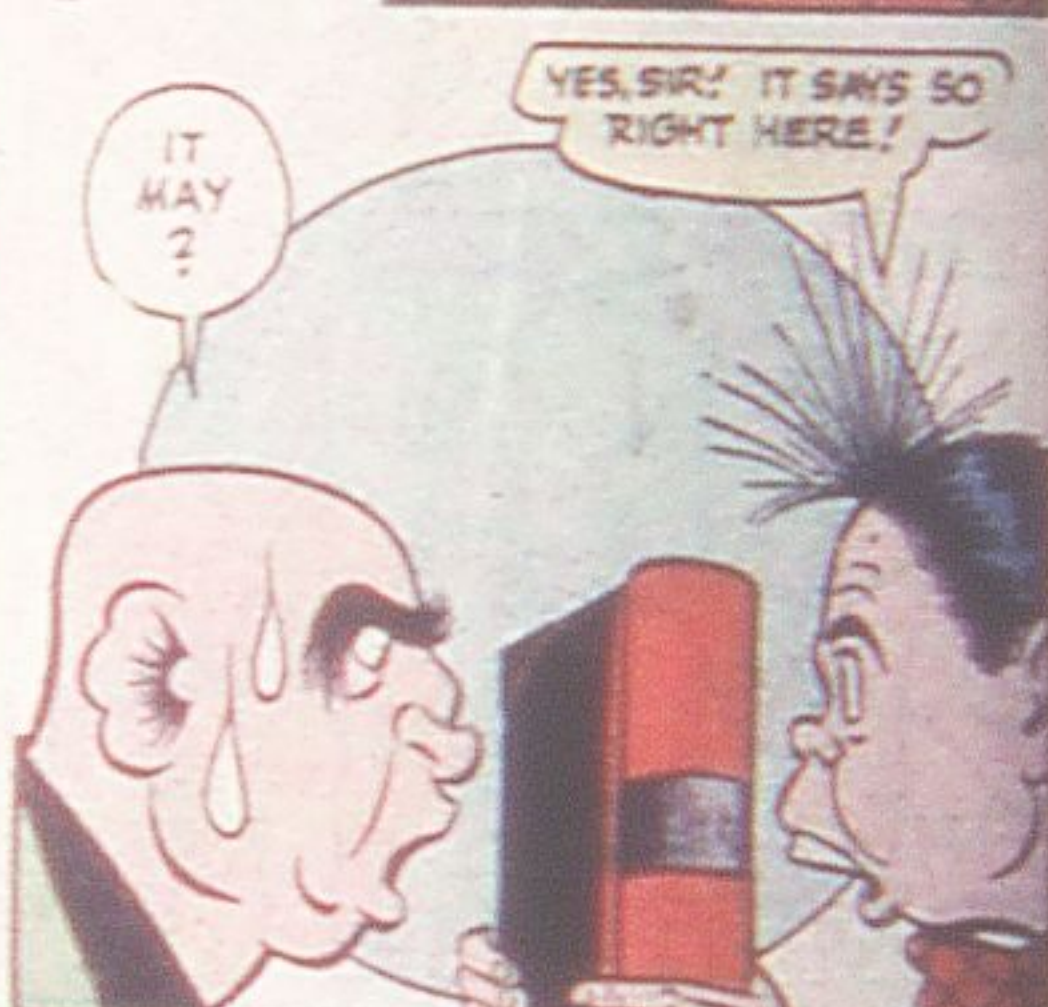
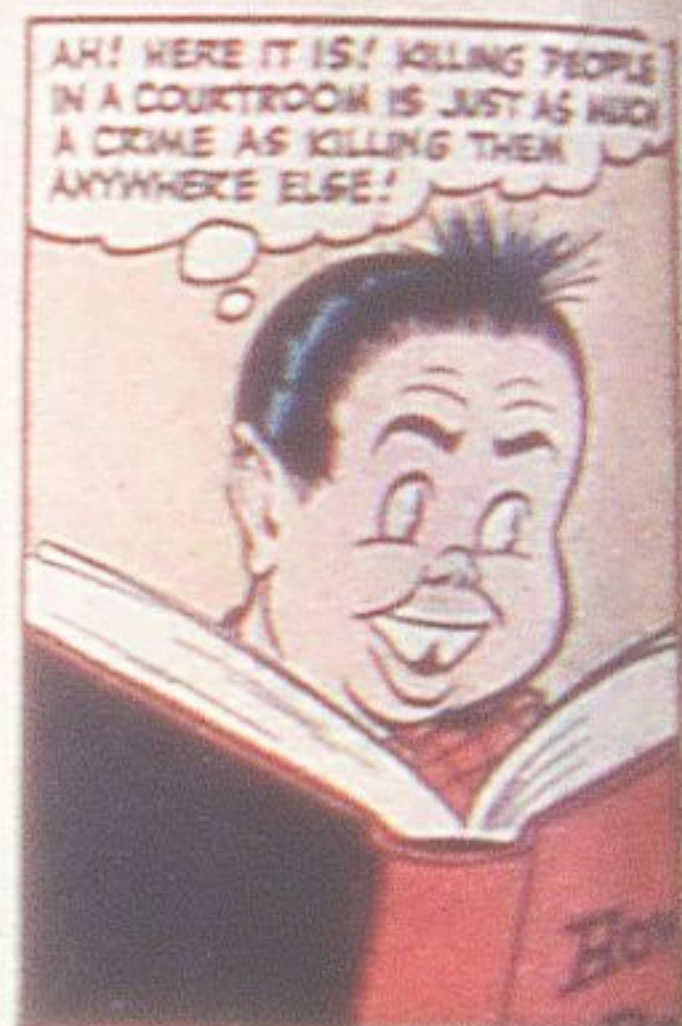


...I'M GOING TO DRAG YOU INTO COURT MYSELF... PERSONALLY!



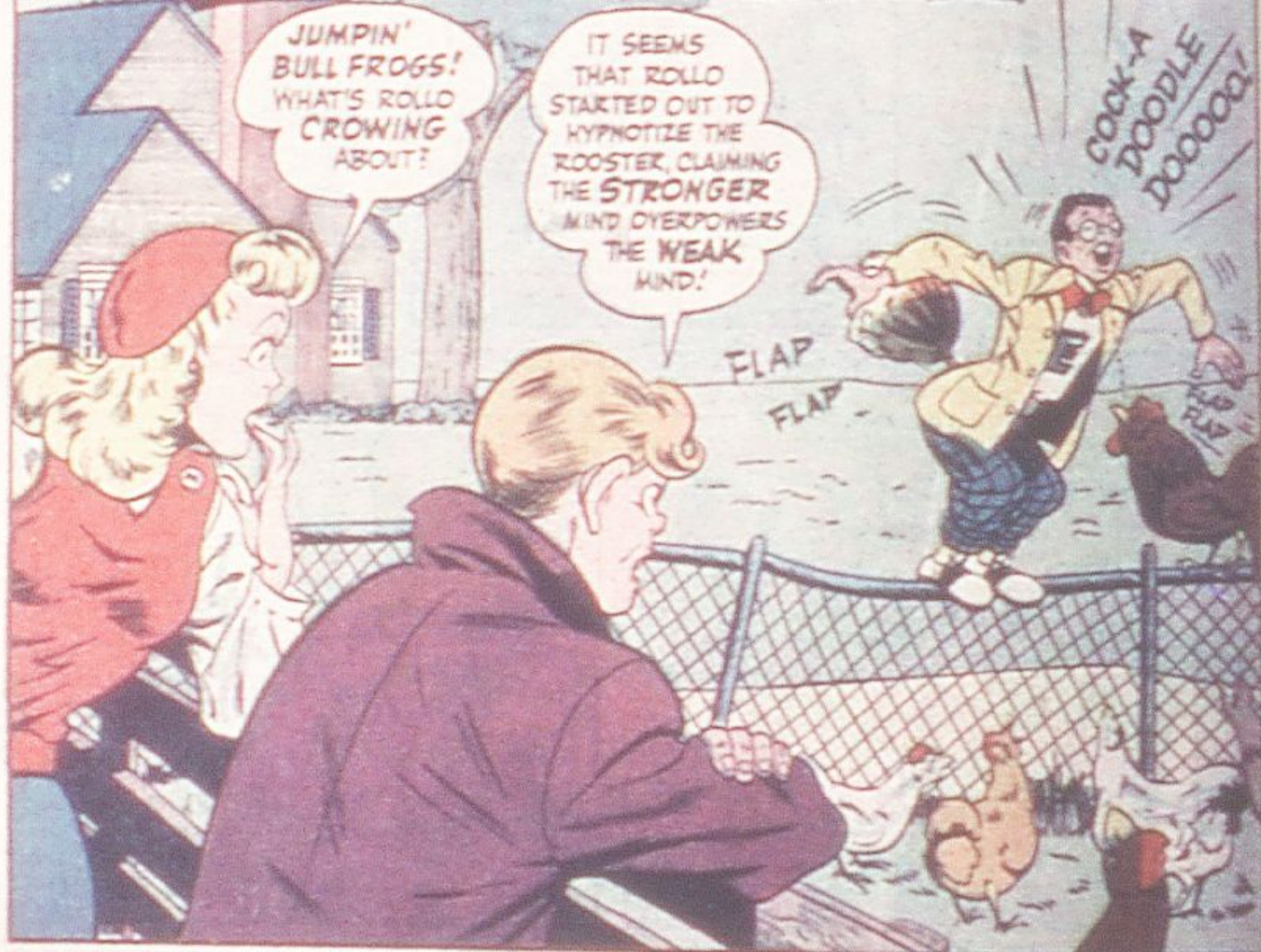


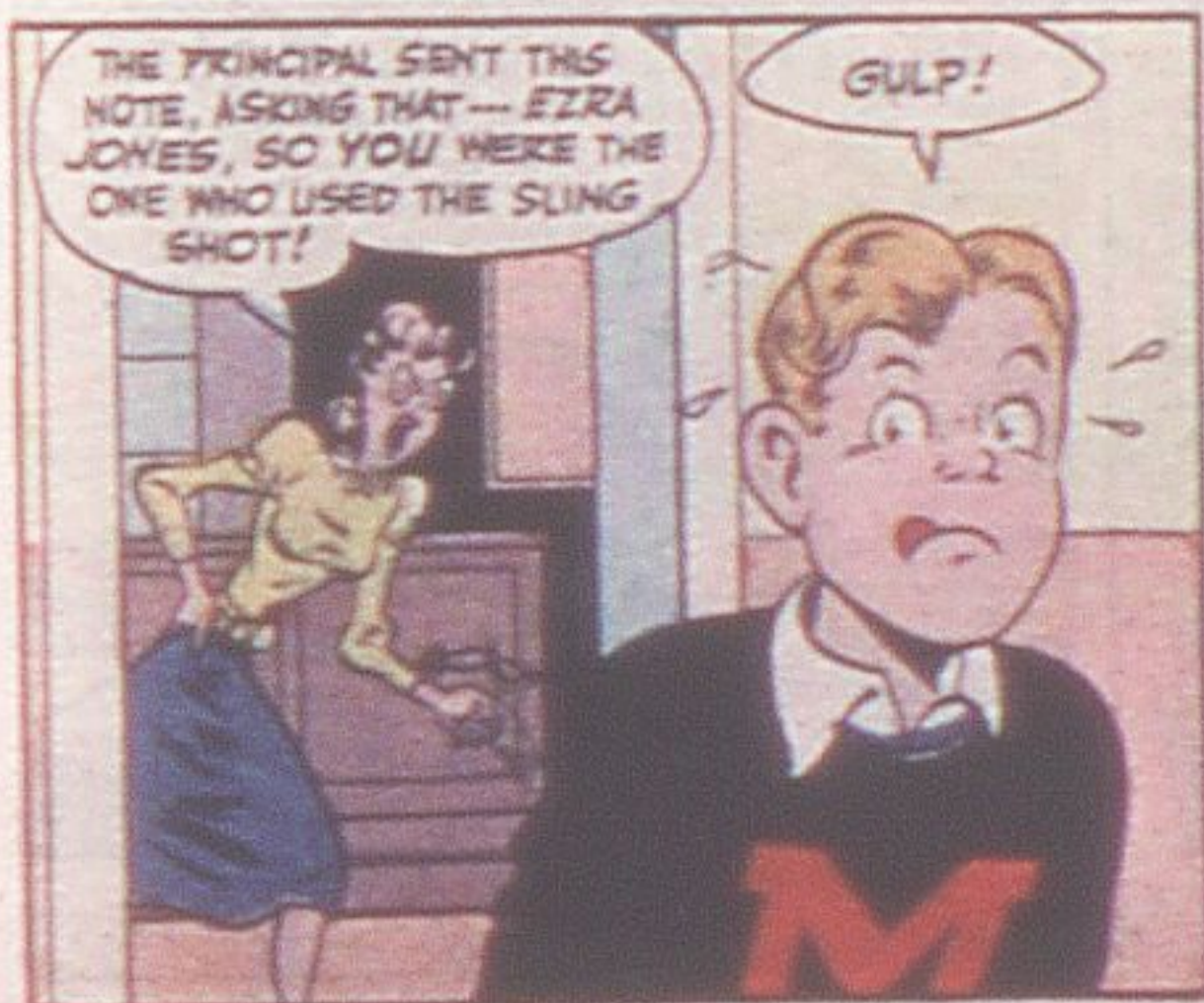
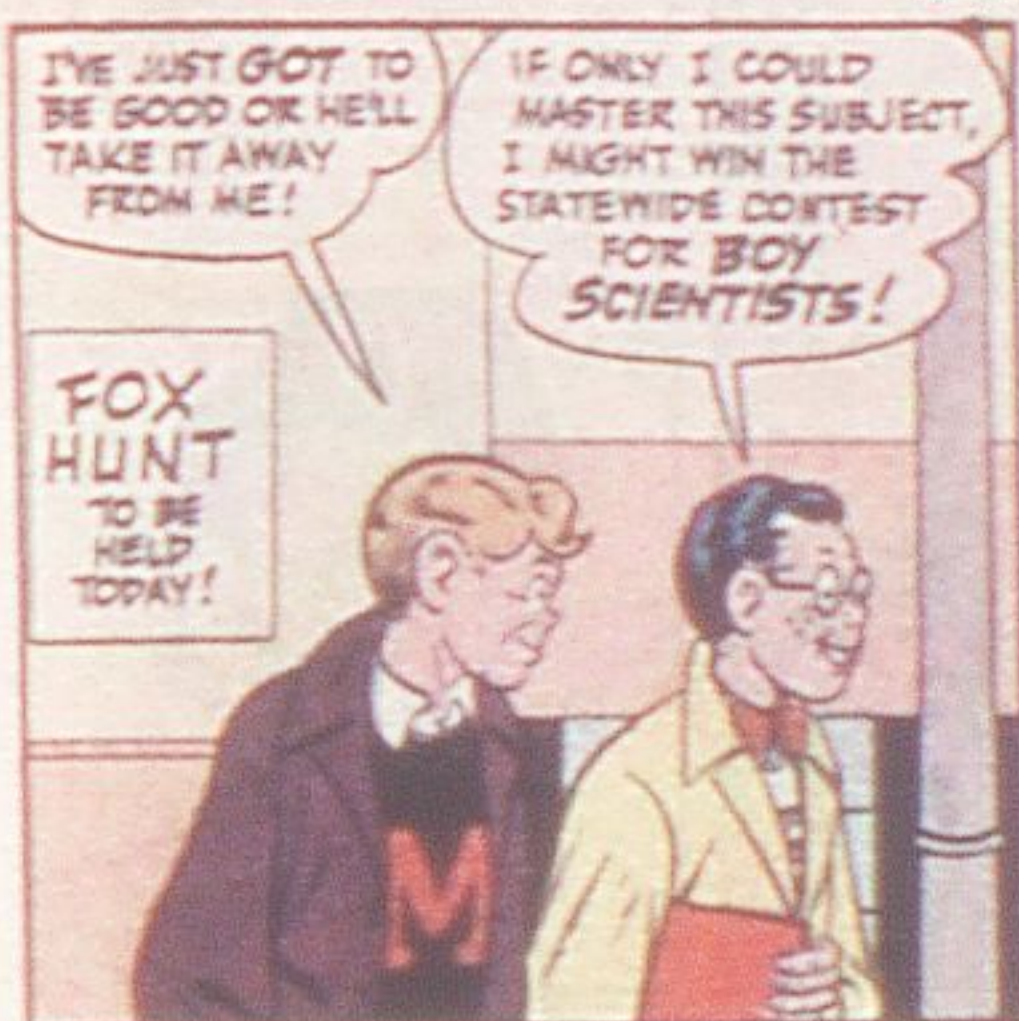


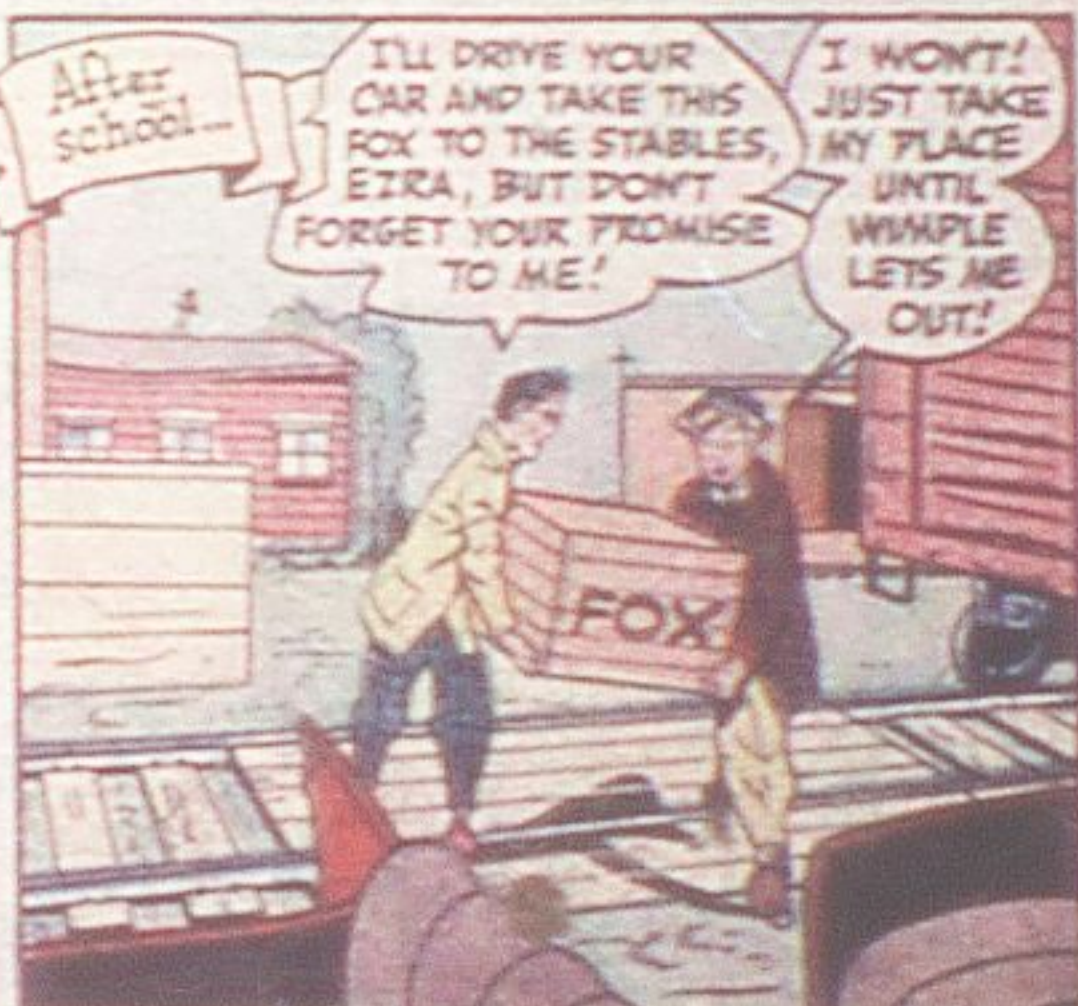
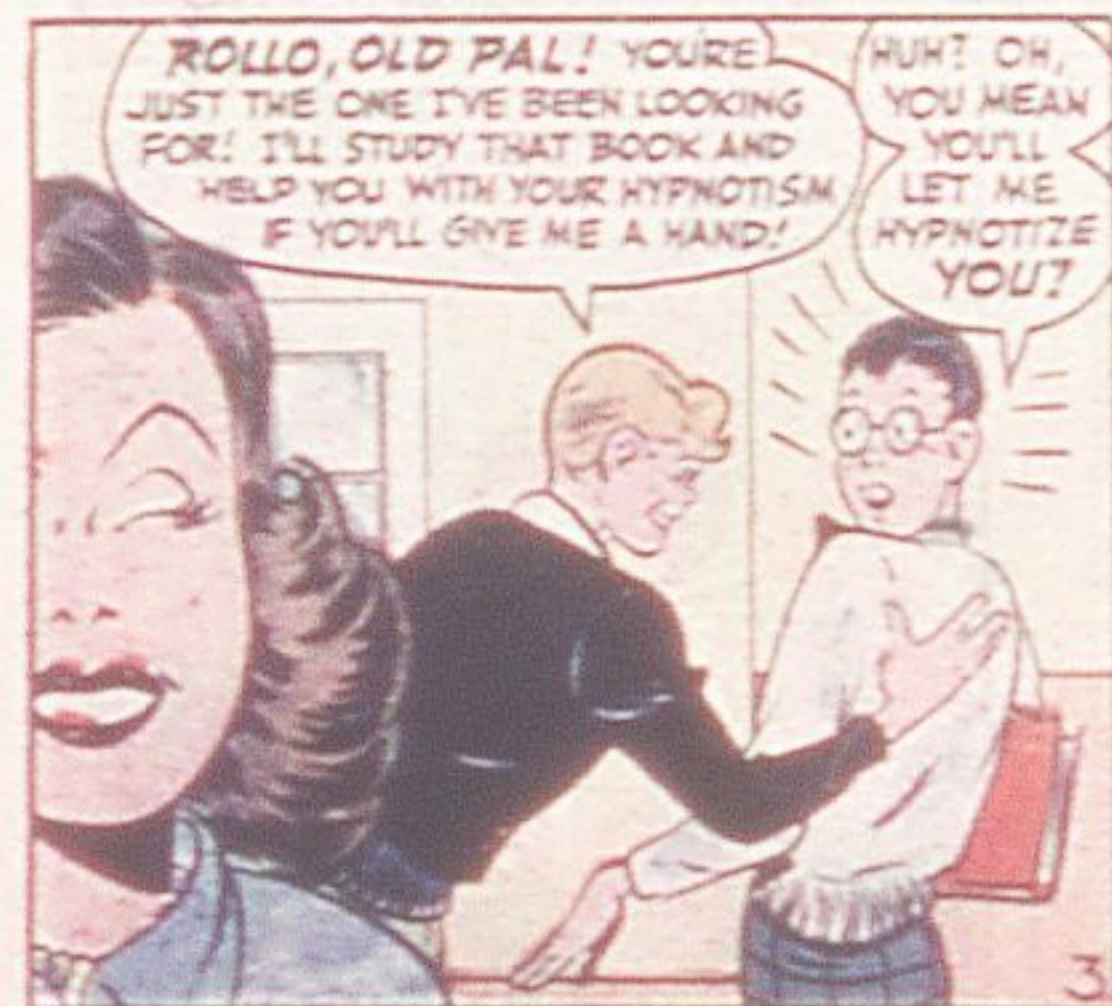
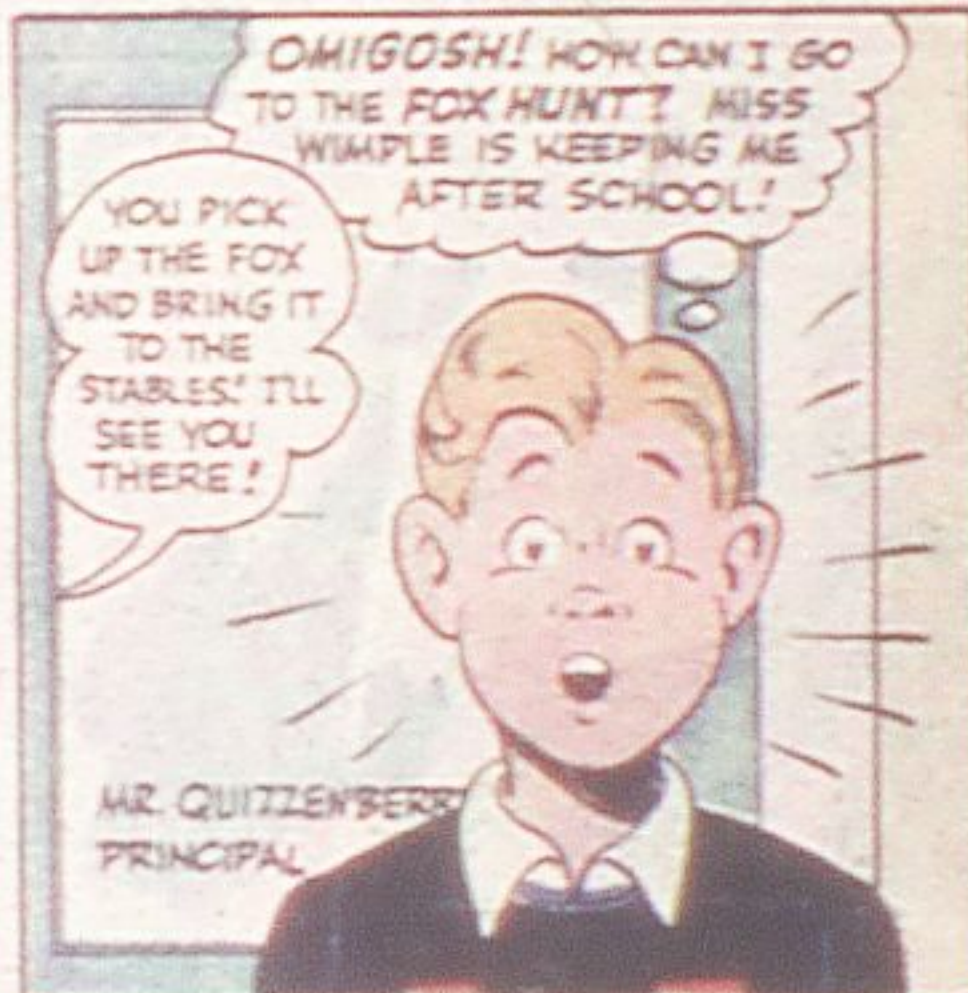
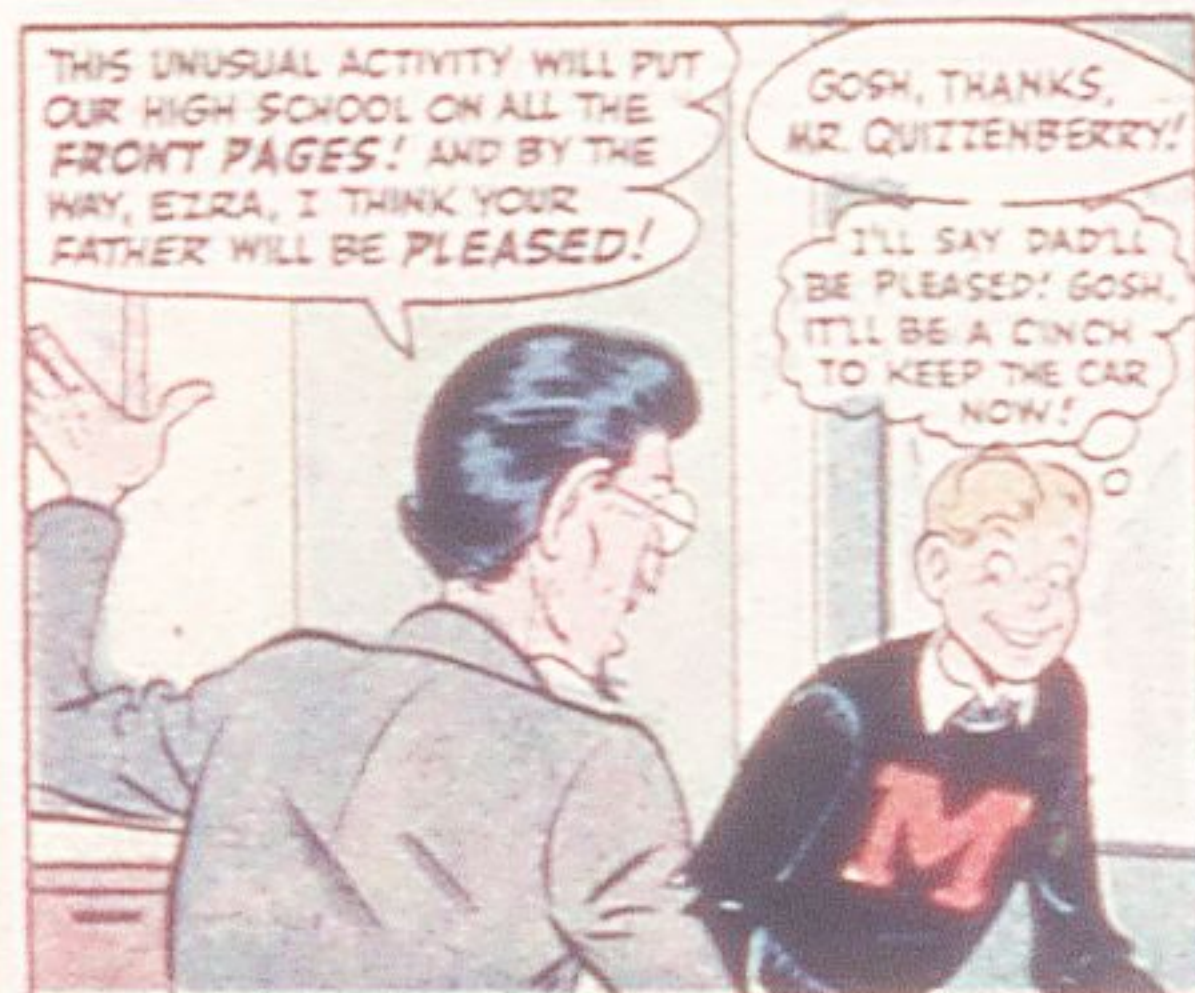




EZRA







WHA! "THE PRACTICE OF
HYPNOTISM REQUIRES A
STRONG MIND TO CONQUER
A WEAKER ONE!"

THAT'S
RIGHT!

"SOME RARE TYPES OF MINDS
HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO HYPNOTIZE
WITHOUT BEING AWARE OF IT —"
AW, THIS IS A LOT OF BOSH!

CLICK

CLICK

"THE PERSON HYPNOTIZED BECOMES
GLASSY-EYED AND OFTEN WILL DO
THE MOST UNUSUAL
THINGS!"

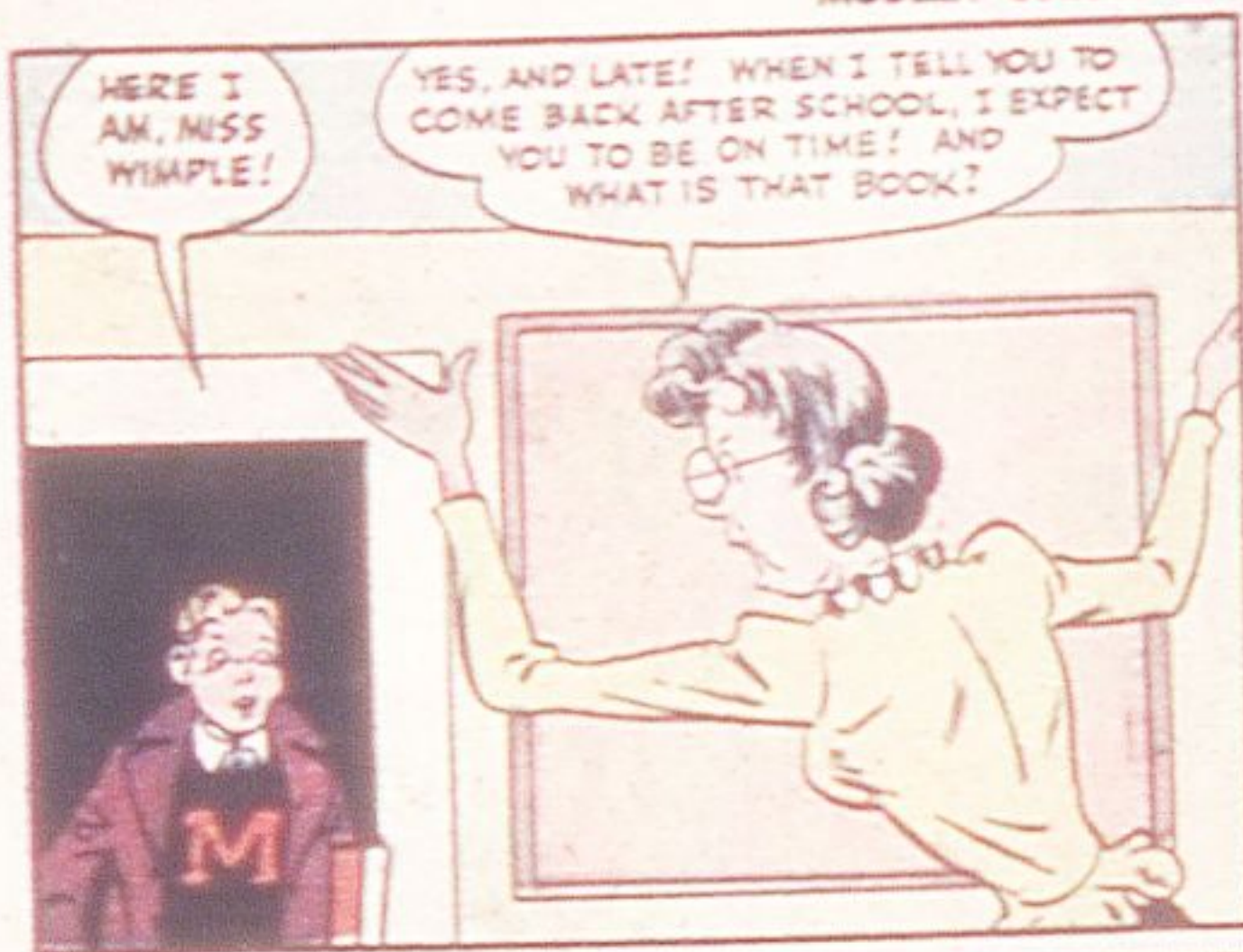
I'LL DRIVE BACK TO
SCHOOL AND YOU CAN
TAKE THE CAR
FROM THERE!

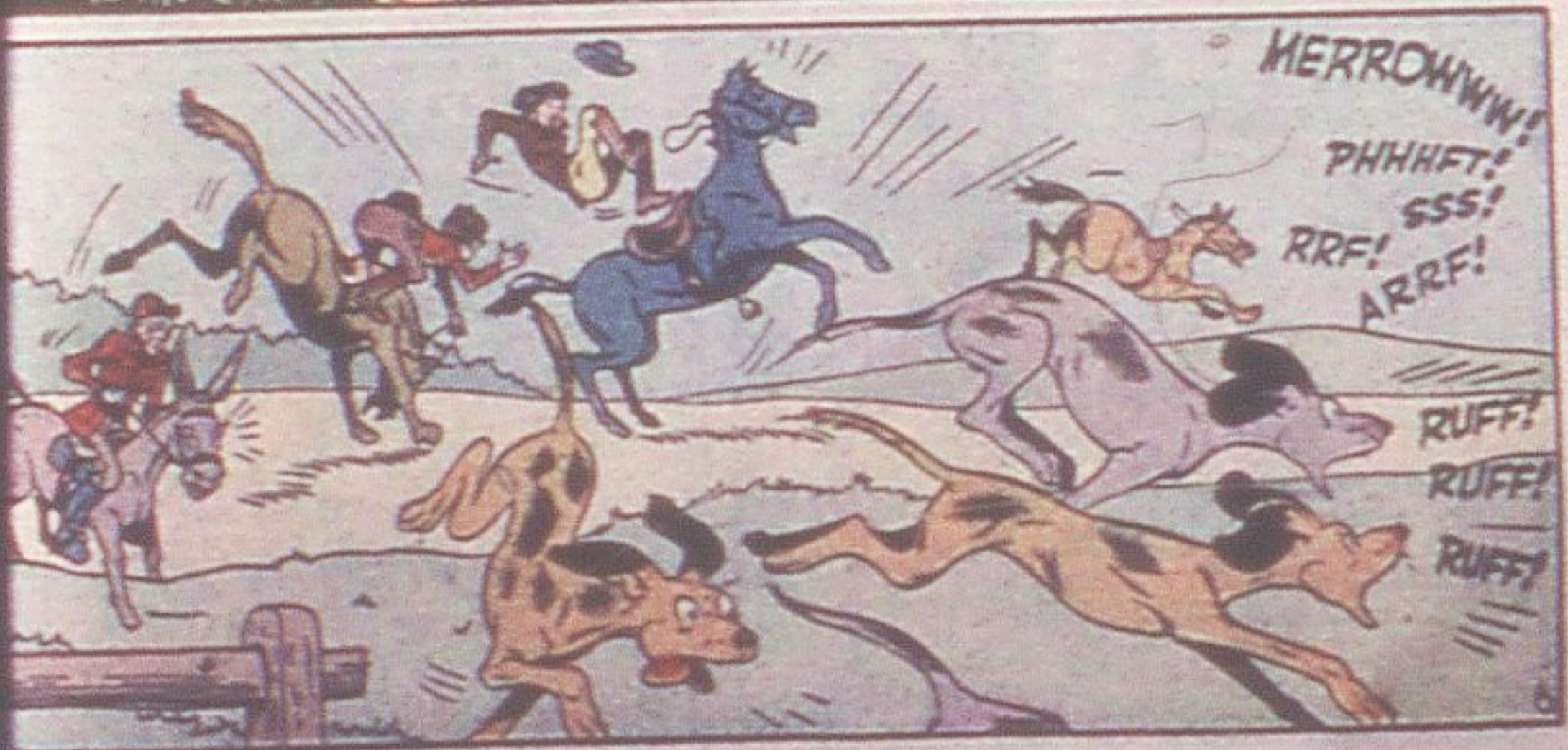
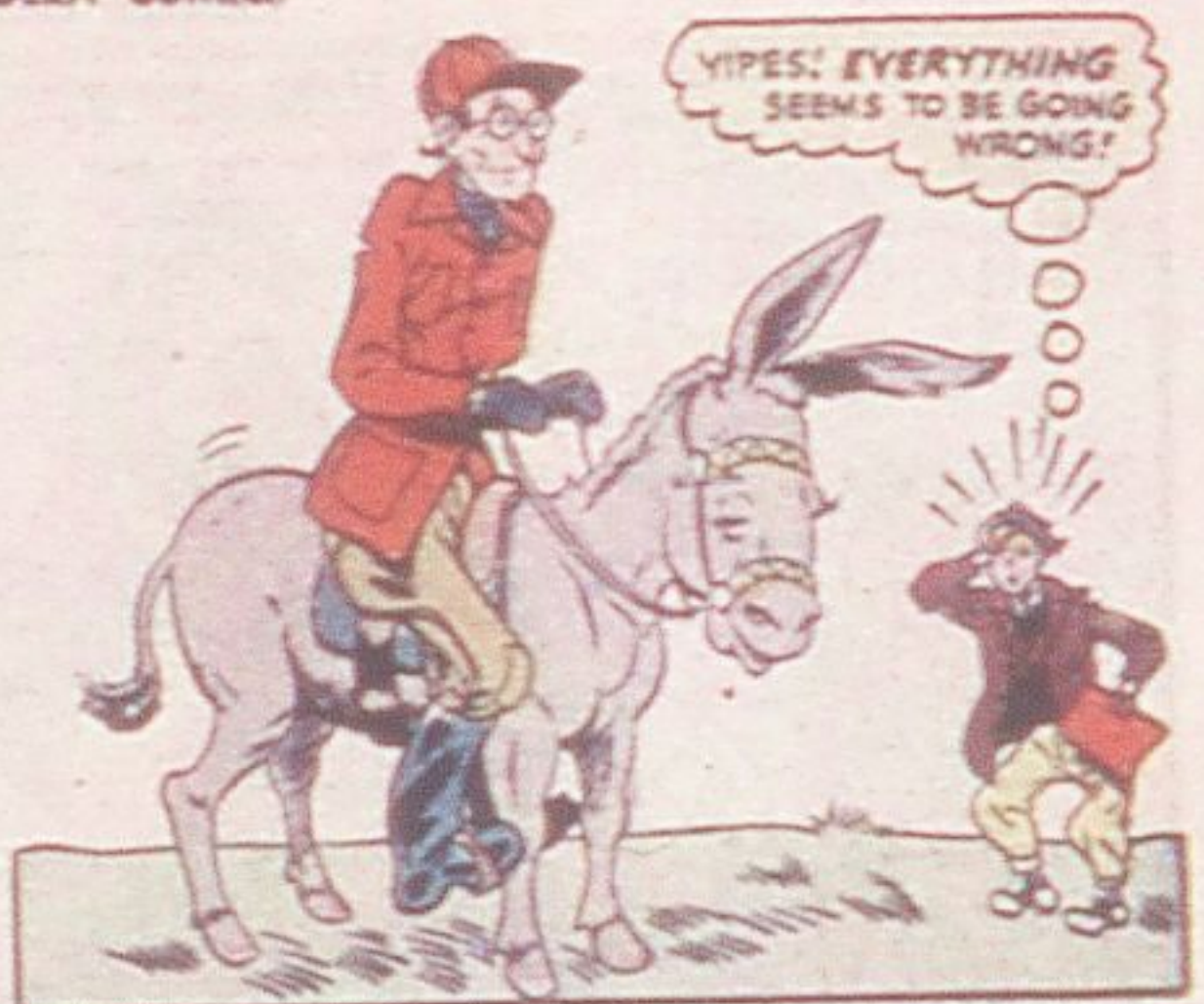
THINK WHAT I'M GOING TO
DO TO YOU — DRIVE YOU TO
YOUR DOOM! BUT DON'T
WORRY, LITTLE FOX!
I'LL SAVE YOUR
LIFE!

OKAY! NOW
BE CAREFUL
OF MY CAR—
AND GET
GOING!

JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING
TO ME! YOU CAN
DEPEND ON ME!

THANKS, ROLLO,
YOU'RE A PAL!
I'LL GRAB YOUR
BIKE AND JOIN
YOU AS SOON
AS I CAN!







hours later...

YHEW!
HE'S SNAPPED
OUT OF IT!

EIRA, W-WHAT
H-HAPPENED?

JUST STICK AROUND,
BUB, AND YOU'LL FIND
OUT! YOU AND YOUR
**SCIENTIFIC
BOOKS!**

...the home
newspaper...

WYOMINGVILLE BUGLE

HIGH SCHOOL HUNT IS
BIGGEST EVENT OF THE
YEAR!

ZEIRA, I'M PROUD OF YOU!
YOU'RE THE ONLY SENSIBLE
LOOKING ONE IN THE PICTURE!
I'VE DECIDED TO LET YOU
KEEP THE CAR!

TH-THANKS,
DAD!

OH, WHAT A MESS! I JUST
KNOW IT'S GOING TO BE
BLAMED ON ME AND WHEN
DAD FINDS OUT —
OHHHH!

CHOO CHOO

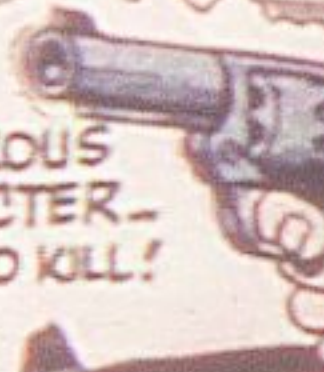
THESE POSTERS OF MYSELF
THAT I'M NAILING UP ALL OVER
HOLLYWOOD ARE SURE
TO MAKE ME FAMOUS!
SOMETHING IS
BOUND TO
HAPPEN!



This is
*Choo Choo
La Moe...*

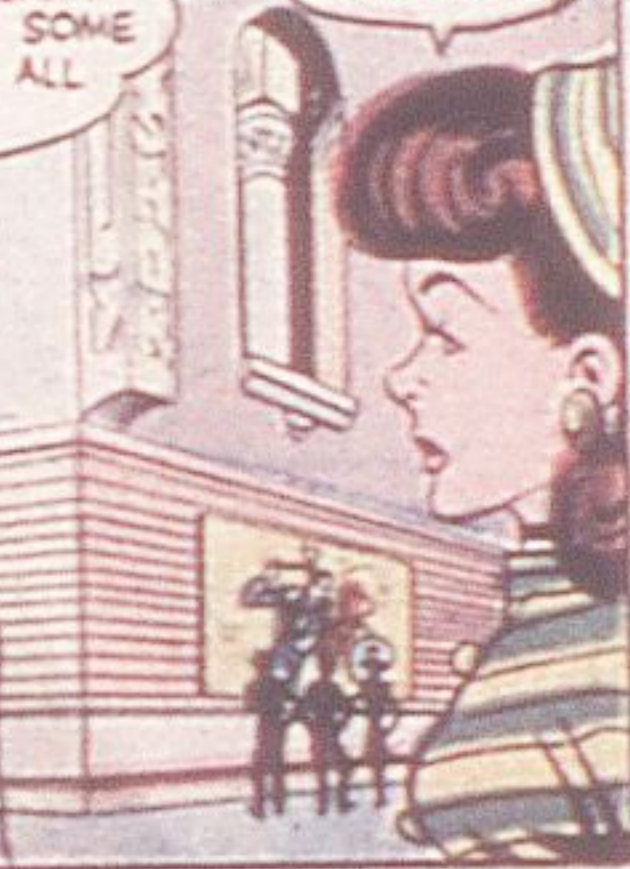
WANTED FOR
MURDER

DANGEROUS
CHARACTER—
SHOOT TO KILL!



LOOK AT THAT BILLBOARD!
CHERRY, WHY CAN'T
THAT BE ME? SOME
PEOPLE HAVE ALL
THE LUCK!

ALSO TALENT,
CHOO CHOO!



BARRIE
LOVECALL!
STUNS THE
NAKED EYE!
PHOOEY!

STUNNING!
DON'T
MISS IT!







THIS IS A
SECRET ENTRANCE!
COME ON IN!

GOODNESS, YOU MUST BE
CRAZY ABOUT SLAVE
BRACELETS! YOU WEAR
THEM ON BOTH
WRISTS!



QUIET, EVERYBODY! DE GREAT
DIRECTOR SERGE SUITOFF
IS ABOUT TO BEGIN,
TO COMMENCE,
TO START!

WATCH CLOSELY AND
YOU'LL SEE WHY NOBODY
IS ALLOWED IN HERE!



SEE THAT AND THAT AND THAT?

OH, MY GOODNESS, THIS IS
SENSATIONAL! I'VE GOT TO
GET BACK TO THE OFFICE RIGHT
AWAY!



HURRY! THERE'S NO
TIME TO LOSE! THEY'LL
MISS ME SOON!

THIS WILL MAKE THE
GREATEST STORY
OF THE AGE!



WHAT A
STRANGE
CAR! YOU'RE
DRIVING BACK-
WARDS!

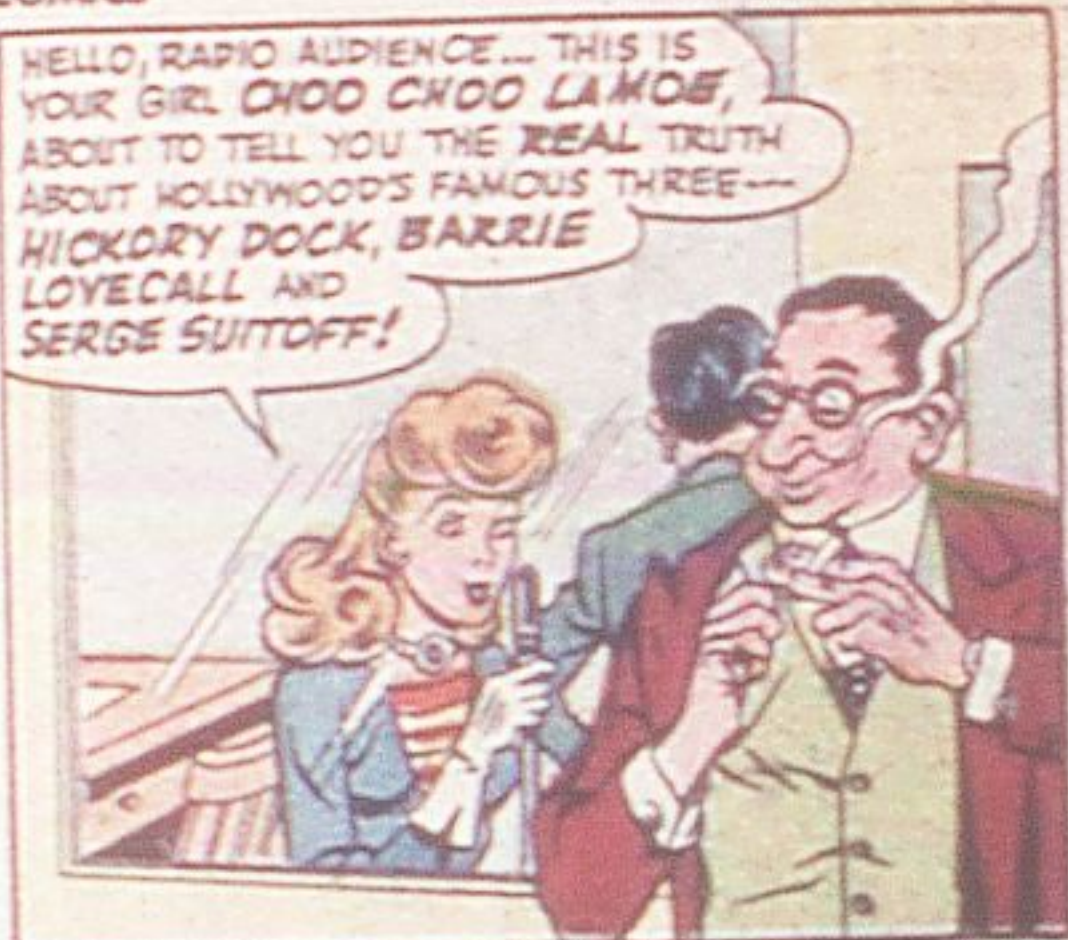
YES, MY TWIN BROTHER IS THE
CAUSE OF THIS! WHEN WE WERE
KIDS, EVERY PLACE WE WENT, I
HAD TO TAKE THE SEAT THAT
RODE BACKWARDS! IT
BECAME A TERRIBLE HABIT!

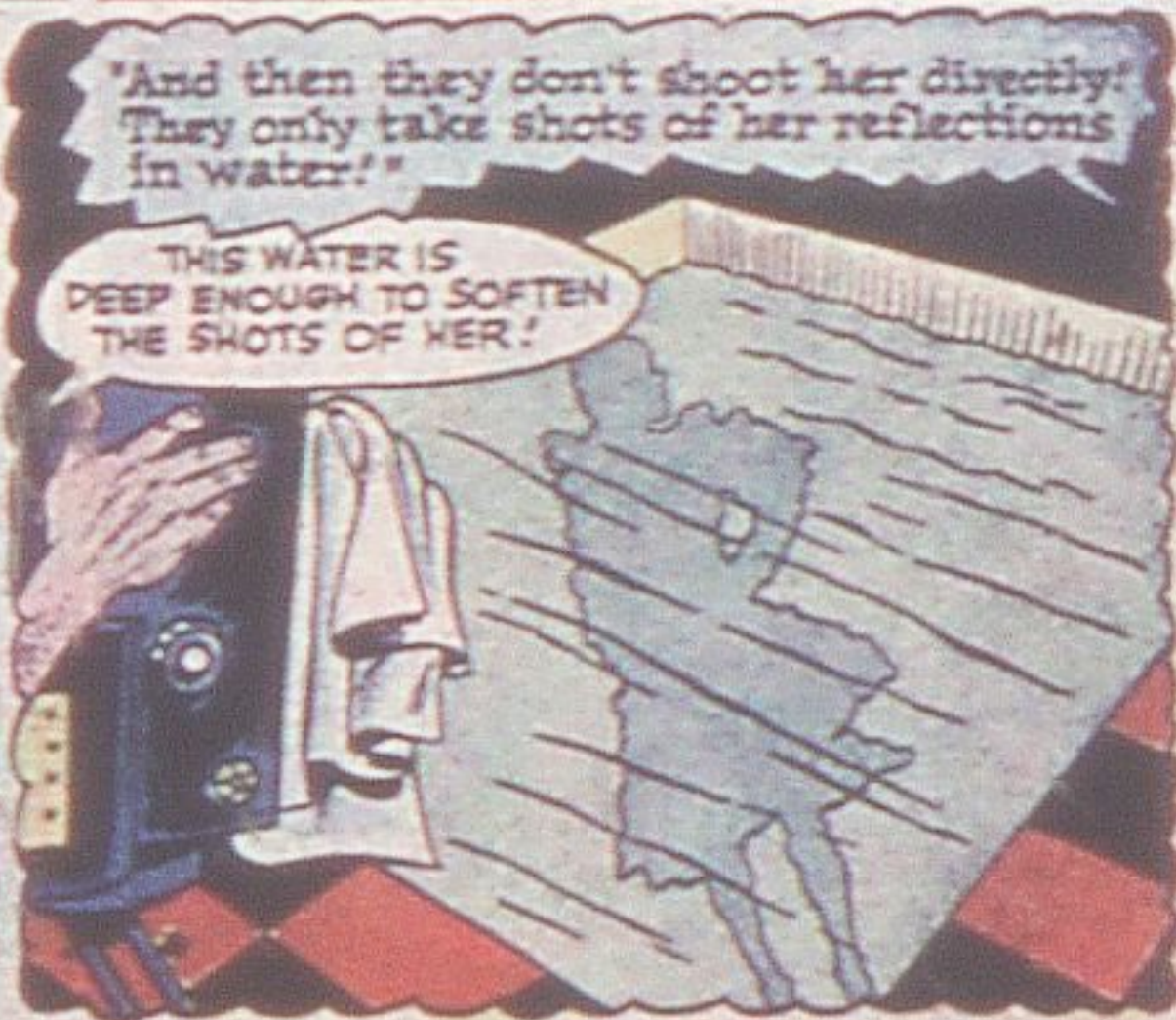


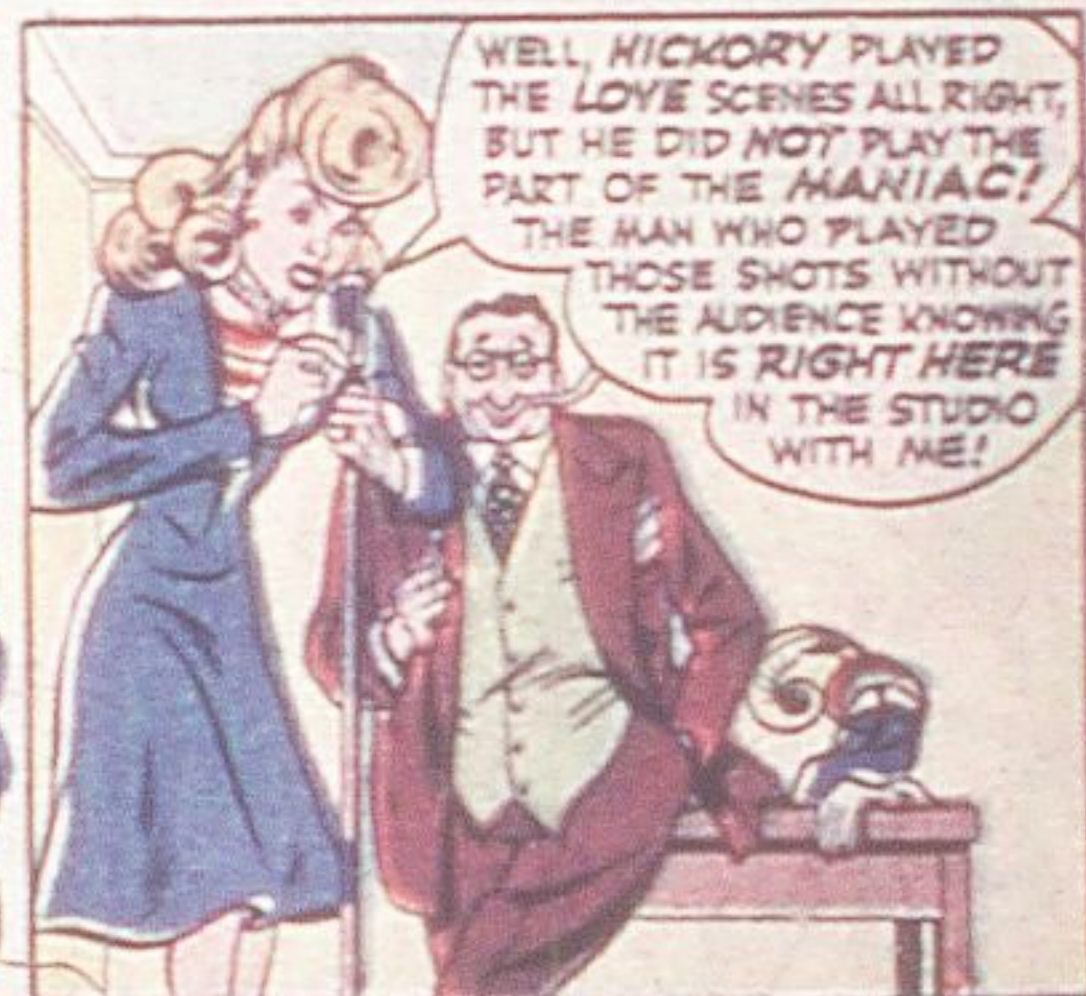
DON'T WORRY!
HOW THE WORLD WILL
KNOW THE TRUTH!

BUT WE MUST
HURRY BEFORE THEY
CATCH UP WITH
US!











MAKER of RAIN

POVI, the Navajo, squatted in front of his hogan sunning himself. Life was good, mused Povi. He had plenty sheep, plenty wives, plenty melons and maize.

What else was there to be wanted?

Povi was happy. Not only did he have a great deal of this world's goods, he had power. Yes, Povi had power—power to bring the rain when the crops thirsted or to bring sunshine and dry weather when the lowlands were too wet.

This early spring in the Valley of the Arizona had been fruitful. There had been just enough rain and sun. The corn and melons and peppers were lush. There would be a great harvest.

Inside Povi's hogan, several wives were busy, making a great noise as they went about their household tasks. Outside, Yenni, his favorite, worked industriously with metate as she ground maize into fine meal. Yenni could make wonderful tortillas.

With rare good humor, Povi watched her as her hands flew with the stone implements. Yes, Yenni was good. Life was good.

A scrawny dog came racing up the mound where stood Povi's hogan, yapping and making a great show. The animal raised a dust and Yenni tossed a stone at him and yelled, "Sbōo!" Dust and maize meal was a mal mixture.

Yenni caught Povi's smiling eyes on her and she said, in mock ferocity, "O lazy one, you sit basking in the sun while we poor women work hard. For shame!"

Povi chuckled. Yenni had special privileges. He did not mind. She did plenty work.

He said, frowning ferociously, "See that the maize is ground fine, Yenni."

Toward evening, several of Povi's dark, tall sons came in. Their labors of herding the sheep in the richest grass were over for the night. There were other sons who took over on the night shift. They were hungry and made happy noises with their mouths as they smelled the delicious smells arising from the various bubbling pots. They, too, thought life

was good.

Aki, the eldest, had the first helping. He thought, as he sunk his white teeth into the piece of mutton, "One day I'll ride away and get me a wife."

That was as it had been since time immemorial.

Two of the boys had already ridden away, but they hadn't come back to the great reservation. War had come and both had enlisted in the white man's army. Povi had a newspaper clipping to prove that at least one of his elder sons had distinguished himself while fighting the yellow enemy across the sea. He always proudly got it out when visitors came.

Another of Povi's sons, too young to enter the service, had wandered down to Globe and got himself a job in a defense plant. When the war was over, he had gone on to greener fields. Now Benny, as he had been nicknamed, was a worker in a cannery on the West Coast.

Indian life was different, mused Povi as he ate his dinner. The whites and reds were mingling as if they had never been mortal enemies. Ah well, mayhap it were better thus. Povi didn't know. . . .

Sometimes Povi had trouble on his hands when one of the younger of his wives would upbraid him for making them do all the work.

"Our white sisters do not work," they would tell him seriously. "They sit still all day and go out at night. Have good time. We must work."

At such times Povi would call on all his ancient gods to give him strength to teach these recalcitrant wives their place.

"I, too, would like to live in the great city," said Yenni one day, wistfully, "would like to have good time."

Povi shook his head dismally and began pointing out the many pitfalls of such reasoning.

Once Yenni flared up angrily and told Povi that she did not believe in his old gods, that for all she knew his making the rain or the sunshine was sheer trickery.

Povi was shocked and quickly made sev-

cabalistic signs, just to ward off the terrible punishment he felt certain would strike the erring one.

But Yenni only made a face and, turning, went down the mound into the twilight.

Yes, a medicine man had a hard time of it these days, Povi told himself. And maybe he would do well to be on guard . . . just in case. The spring faded into early summer. Hot winds whispered up through the valley, and the crops took on a pale, languid look. Water! Water," Nature cried. Yes, there must be rain or the crops would turn brown before their time.

Povi turned his head to the east and tested the wind with a moistened finger. Each day he did this but not a sign of rain was in the hot air. Yes, he must do something about it. Secretly, he had been praying to the old gods. They didn't answer. Or if they did, Povi heard them not. The rain did not come.

Needing tobacco, Povi rode into town one day and went to the general store where the Indians traded their silver trinkets and blankets for supplies. As he was waiting for his purchase, the proprietor snapped on the radio. A newscast came over the ether. Povi listened, enthralled, as he was always enthralled whenever he heard this white man's marvel speaking without apparent voice.

Could it be that all that great noise and talking came out of that tiny box? He asked the proprietor.

"Sure, Povi. Radio. Greatest little invention since steam. Listen." He turned up the volume. A blasting roar came out of the small mouth of the box. Povi jumped.

"Some outfit, eh, Povi?" He turned it down to normal again. And at that moment came a report that set Povi's whole being to tingling. He listened intently. This was it! Why hadn't he thought of it before? Why—he could—he could—yes, he could be omniscient, the greatest medicine man in the whole Valley of the Arizona!

Povi hurried out of the store after paying for his tobacco, and leaping onto his horse galloped toward home.

He would be the mightiest shaman of all the Navajos!

For another week the dry spell held and the crops turned paler and more sickly. The old men were grumbling and looking at Povi

with dark glances. Why didn't he implore the rain gods to send moisture?

Feeling he had to make a show, Povi held a meeting one evening on a high rock which had been used for the purpose of calling on the gods for centuries. Standing tall in his ceremonial robes, he called out to the heavens in a loud voice, beseeching them to open up and send forth their precious liquid. Then he shot five blazing arrows in quick succession into the night. With a solemn prayer, he ended the ritual.

The tribe went to their homes hopefully. Povi had never failed them before. But why had he waited so long this time? They didn't try to answer that. If his prayers worked, all was well.

Povi rode into town again the following day, and again he listened to the storekeeper's radio. He told the proprietor what he wanted to hear and the old trader grinned, winking. "I getcha, Povi. You'll have to wait till the quarter-hour though."

At half-past, the old man turned the dial and the well known voice brought the report . . . yes, it was on the way. It would hit in exactly seventy-two hours.

Povi counted slowly. Then nodding in satisfaction, he mounted and rode toward home. That evening he called his people around him and told them that the rain—much rain—would come at a certain date. They had only to wait. He would fire only one blazing arrow into the sky—and the rain would fall.

On the specified date, Povi shot his arrow high into the night sky and stood waiting. Clouds had formed during the day, and he felt pretty sure about the rain. As Povi and the crowd waited silently, an eerie voice issued from his hogan:

"The expected storm has veered around and no rain is prophesied for at least another forty-eight hours. Valley ranchers are warned that crops . . ."

The crowd began yelling, screaming. Povi leaped to the hogan entrance just as his son—the one who had gone to work in defense plants—stuck his dark head out and grinned at his father.

"Hello, Pops! You can quit that stuff now. I've brought you a radio. You can get the weather reports every hour of the day. How ya like that, huh?"

Poodle McDOODLE

HERE COMES THAT LITTLE KID WHAT STUTTERS! WONDER WHAT HE'S CRYIN' FER!

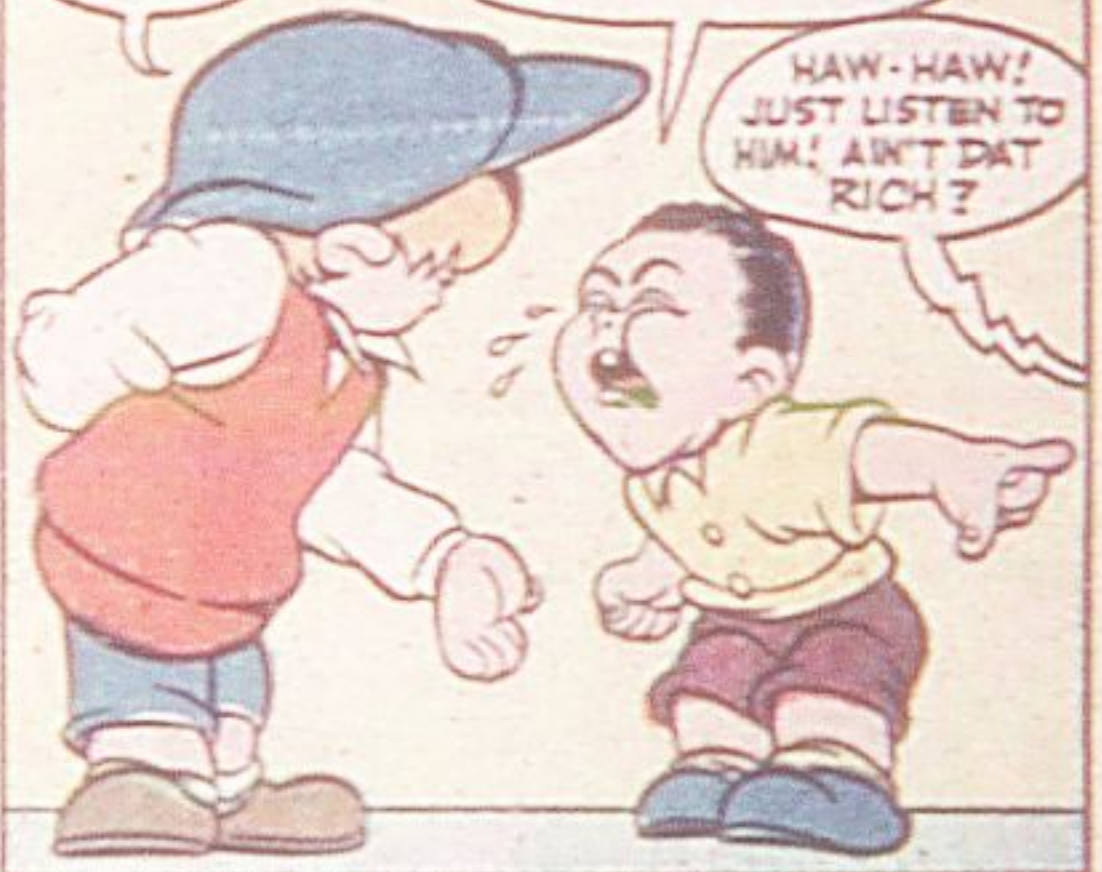


W-W-WAH
W-W-WAH

WOTSA MATTER?

H-H-HOIMAN IS L-L-LAUGHIN' AT M-M-ME 'SOB' B-B-BECAUSE I ST-ST-STUTTER!

HAW-HAW! JUST LISTEN TO HIM! AIN'T DAT RICH?



SHHHH! IF DERES ANYTHIN' I HATE WORSE'N CASTOR OIL, IT'S GUYS WHAT MAKE FUN O' THINGS LIKE THAT! WATCH ME TEACH HIM A LESSON!



SO! YOU LIKE T'MAKE FUN O' KIDS DAT CAN'T TALK RIGHT, EH? I S'POSE YOU THINK YER POIFECT, EH?

GULP



WELL? WOTCHA GOTTA SAY FER YERSELF?

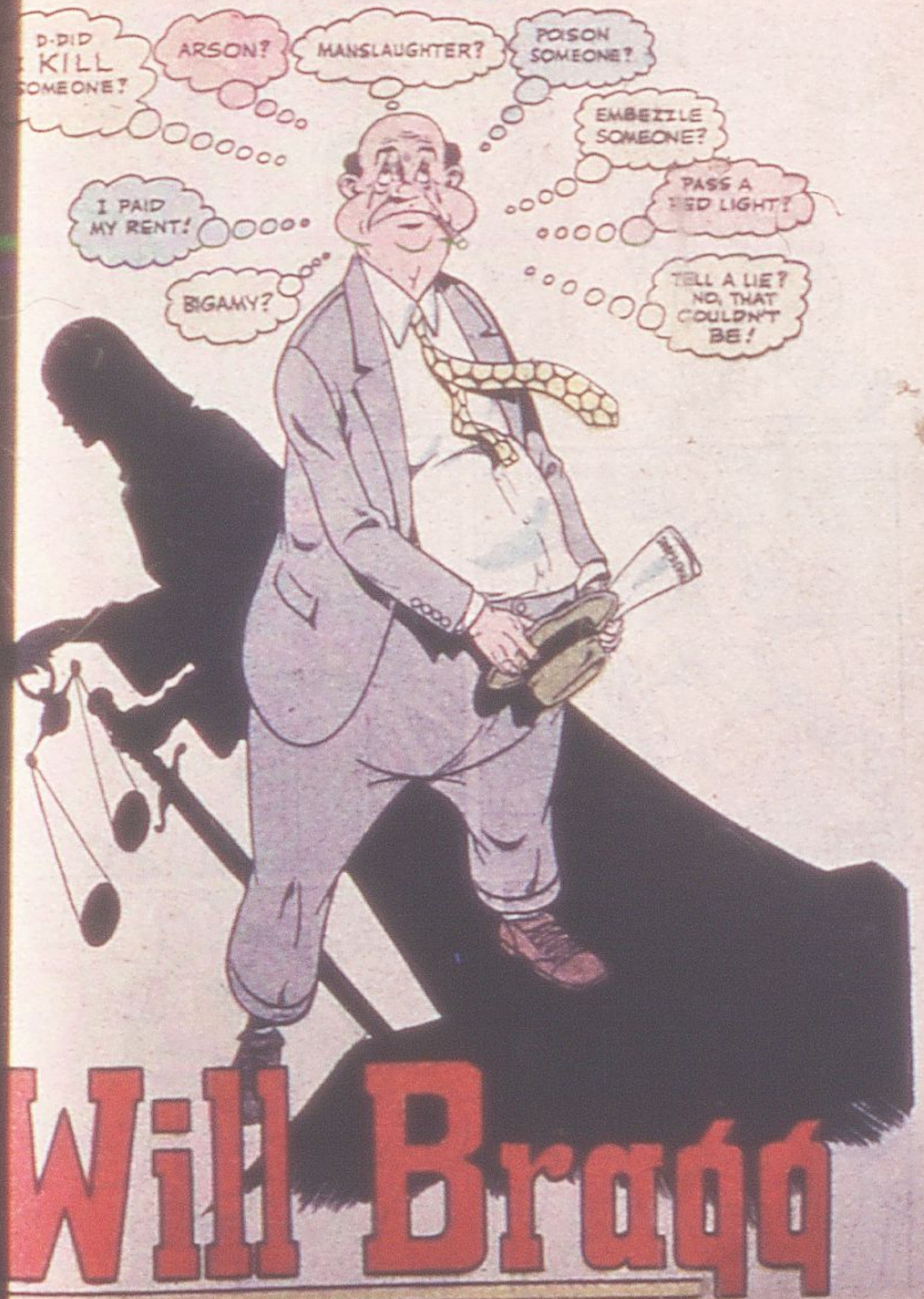
W-W-W...
B-B-BUT--UH...
G-GOSH--I...
D-D-DIDN'--ER...
TH-THAT IS...
I G-G--!!

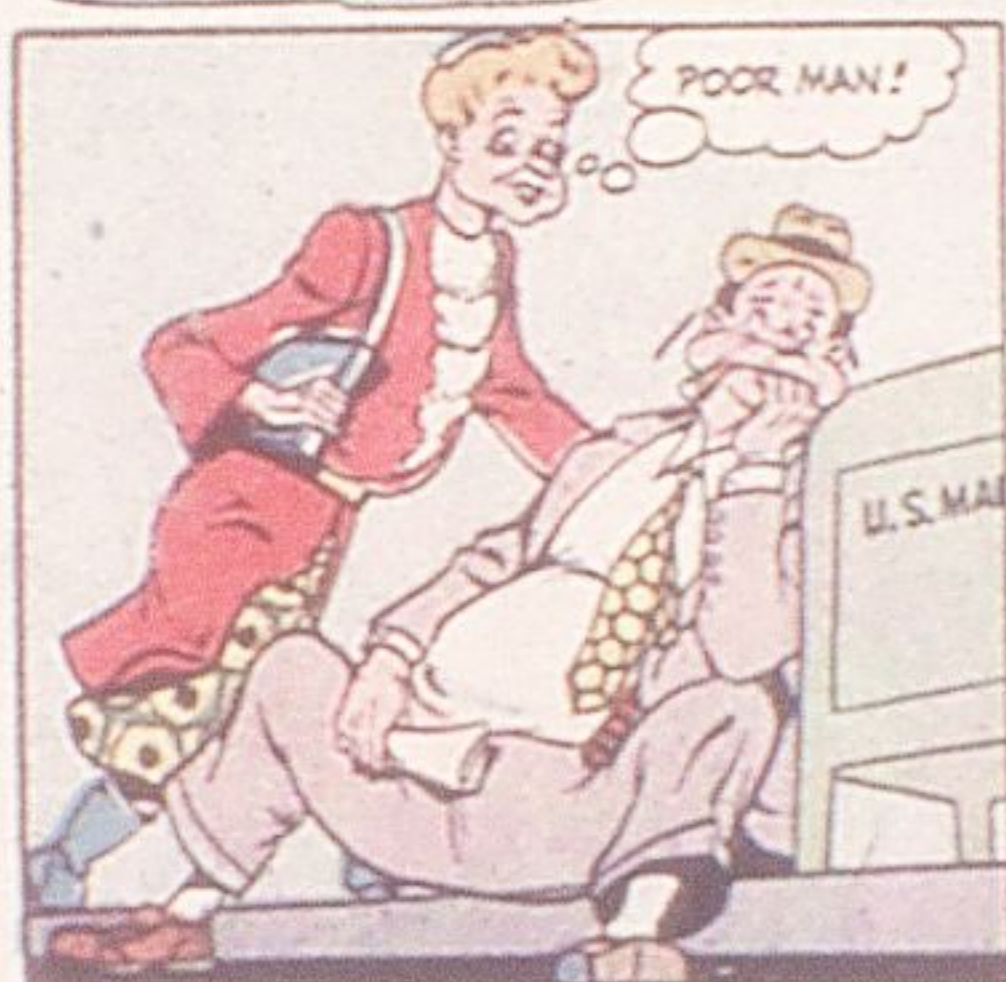


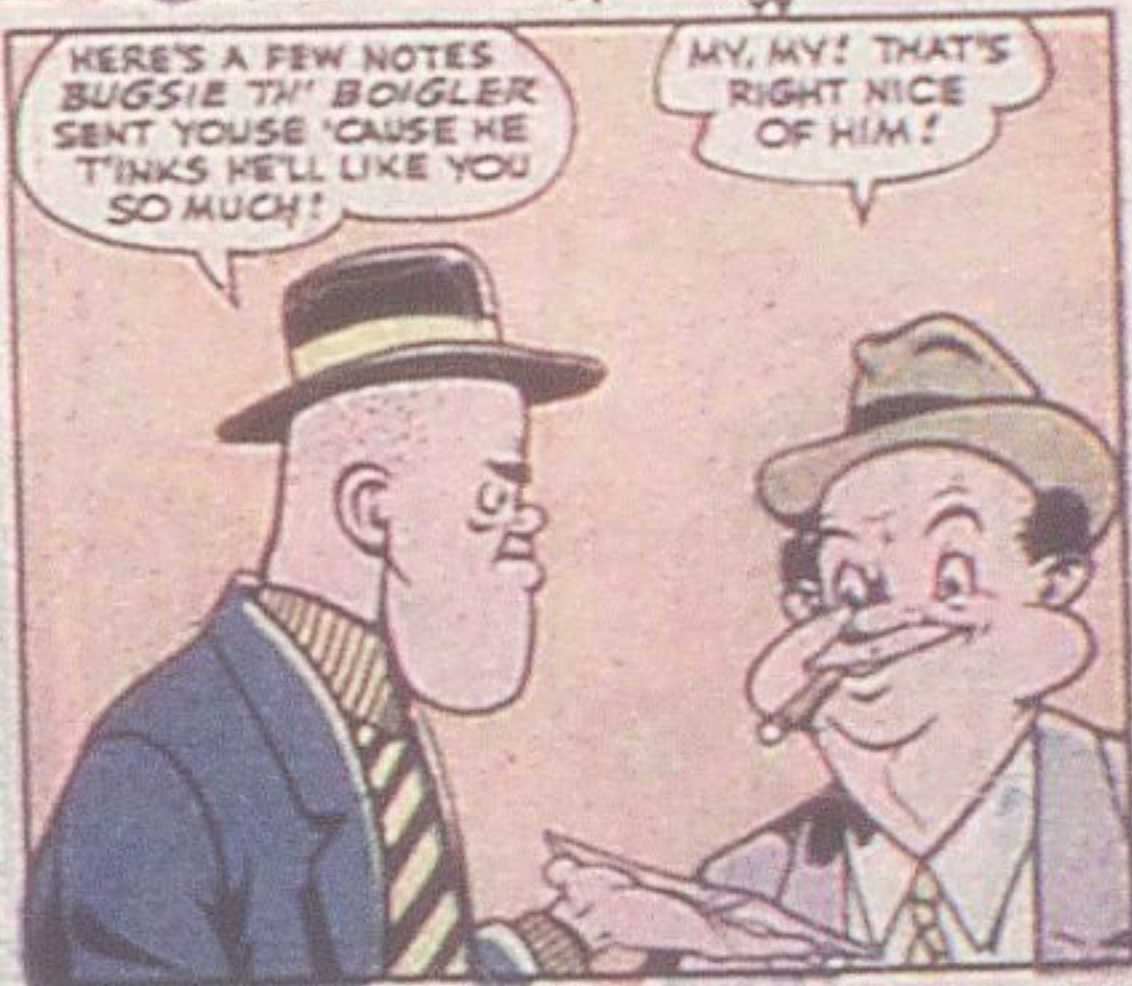
HAW! HAW! H-H-HE ST-ST-STUTTERS B-B-BETTER'N ME!

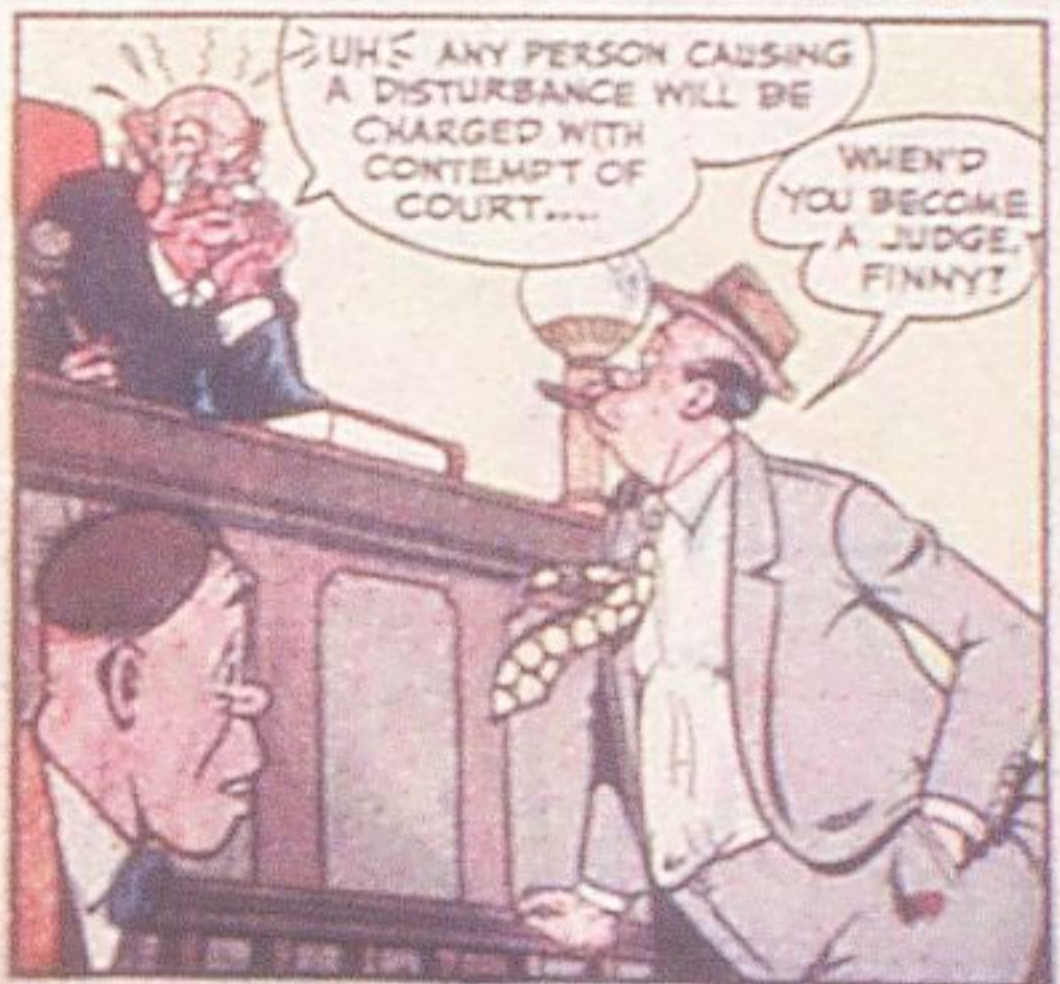
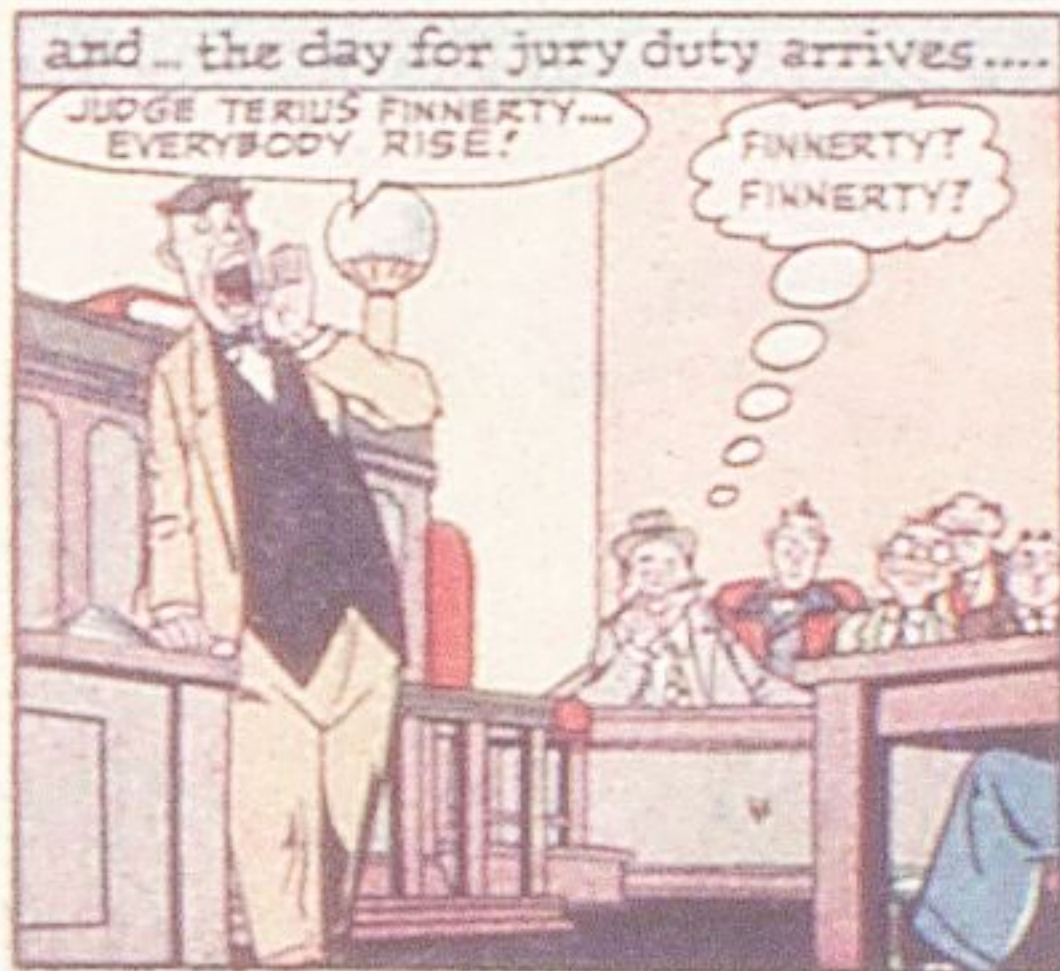
GUESS DAT TAKES CARE O' DAT!

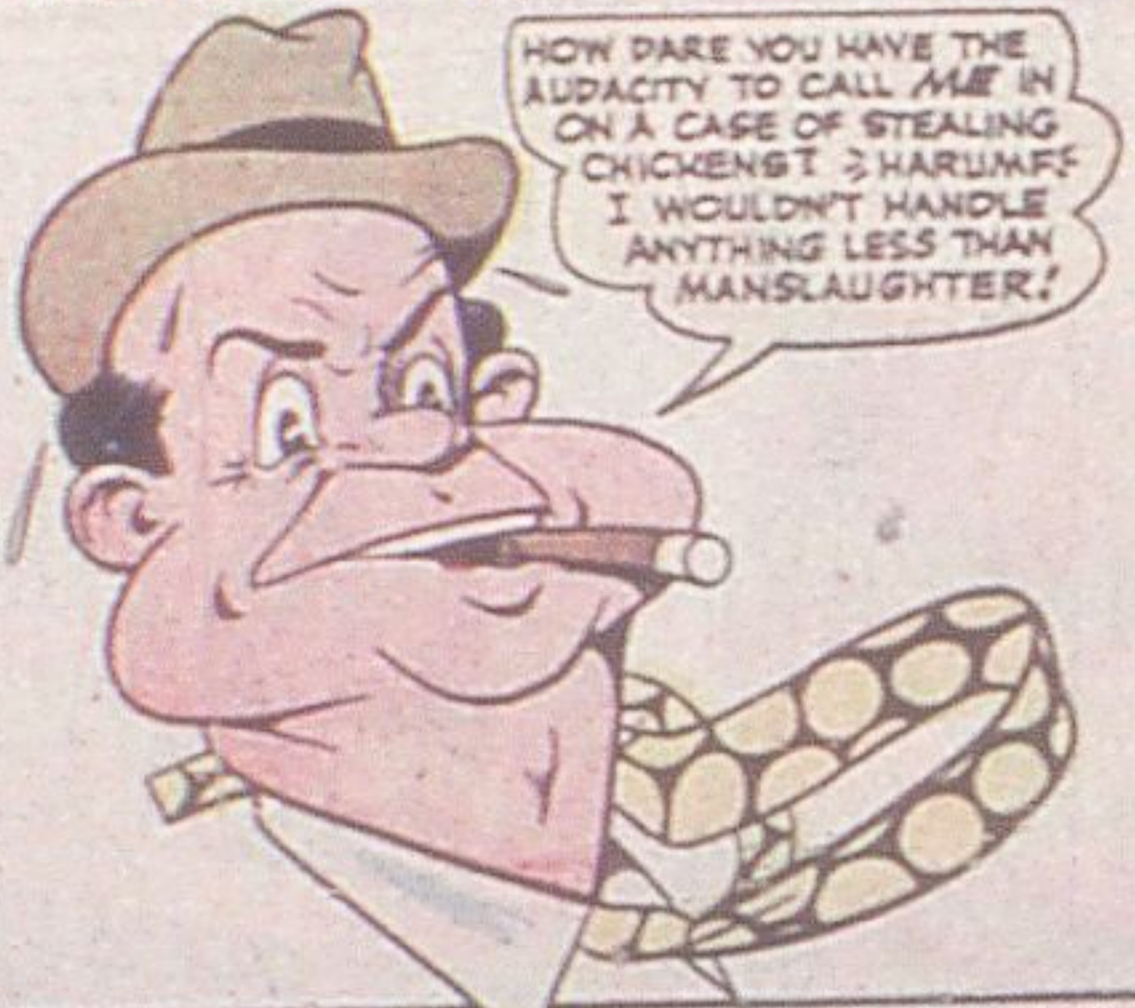


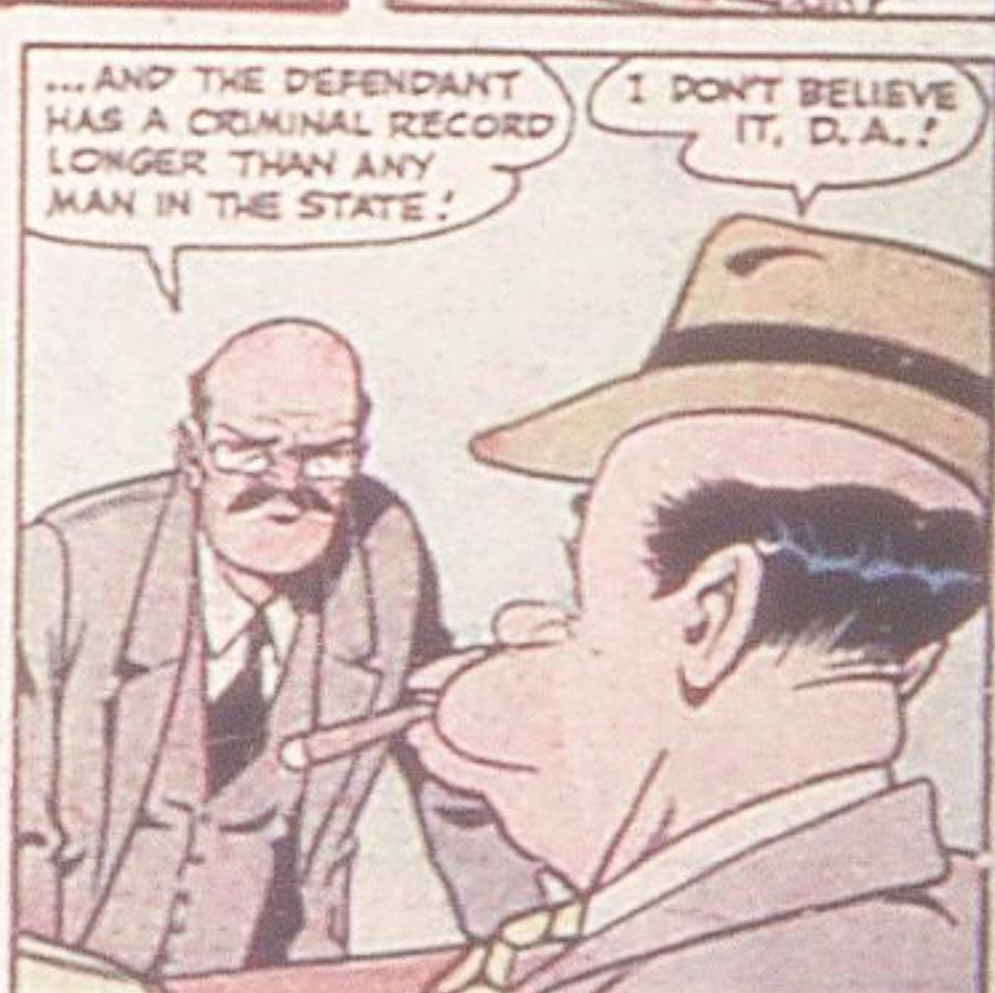
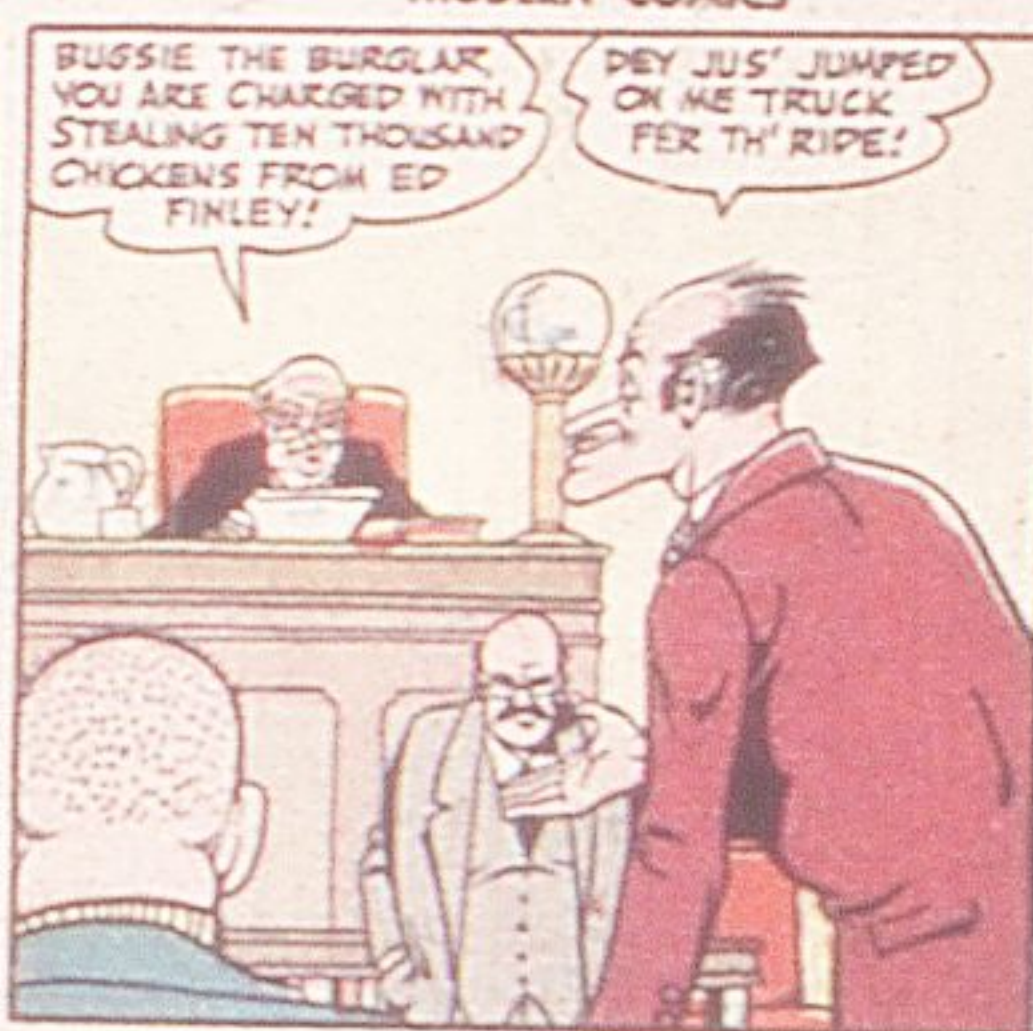










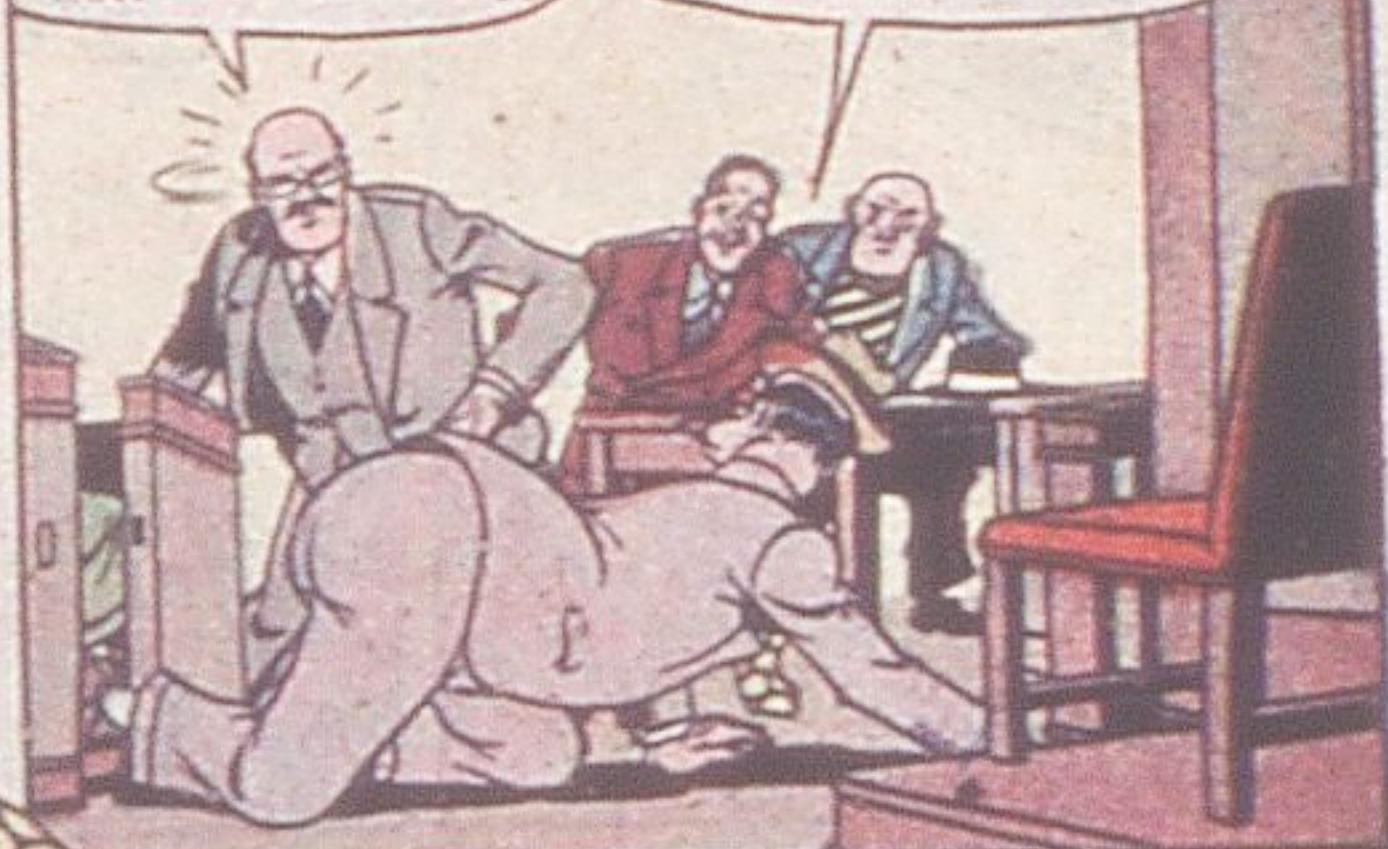


OMIGOSH! I'VE BEEN PAYING THE FINES WITH THAT MONEY! ... I'D BETTER GET IT BACK!



... AND FURTHERMORE THE STATE WILL PROVE THAT --- WHAT TH'--??

DON'T LET ME STOP YOU, D.A.! ... I JUST WANT TO SEE THE CLERK FOR A SECOND!



PSSST! BUGSIE! IF YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT THE MONEY YOU GAVE ME, I'LL GET IT RIGHT BACK!



HEH-HEH! ER -- I -- JUST REMEMBERED -- THAT THE MONEY I GAVE YOU WASN'T MINE!

THAT'S TOO BAD!



N-NOW LOOK, BUD -- I'M NOT KIDDING!

NEITHER AM I! IT BELONGS TO THE STATE NOW!



NOW SEE HERE -- BUGSIE THE BURGLAR SENT ME THAT MONEY TO PAY THE JURORS! IT JUST ISN'T MINE!

WHAT???

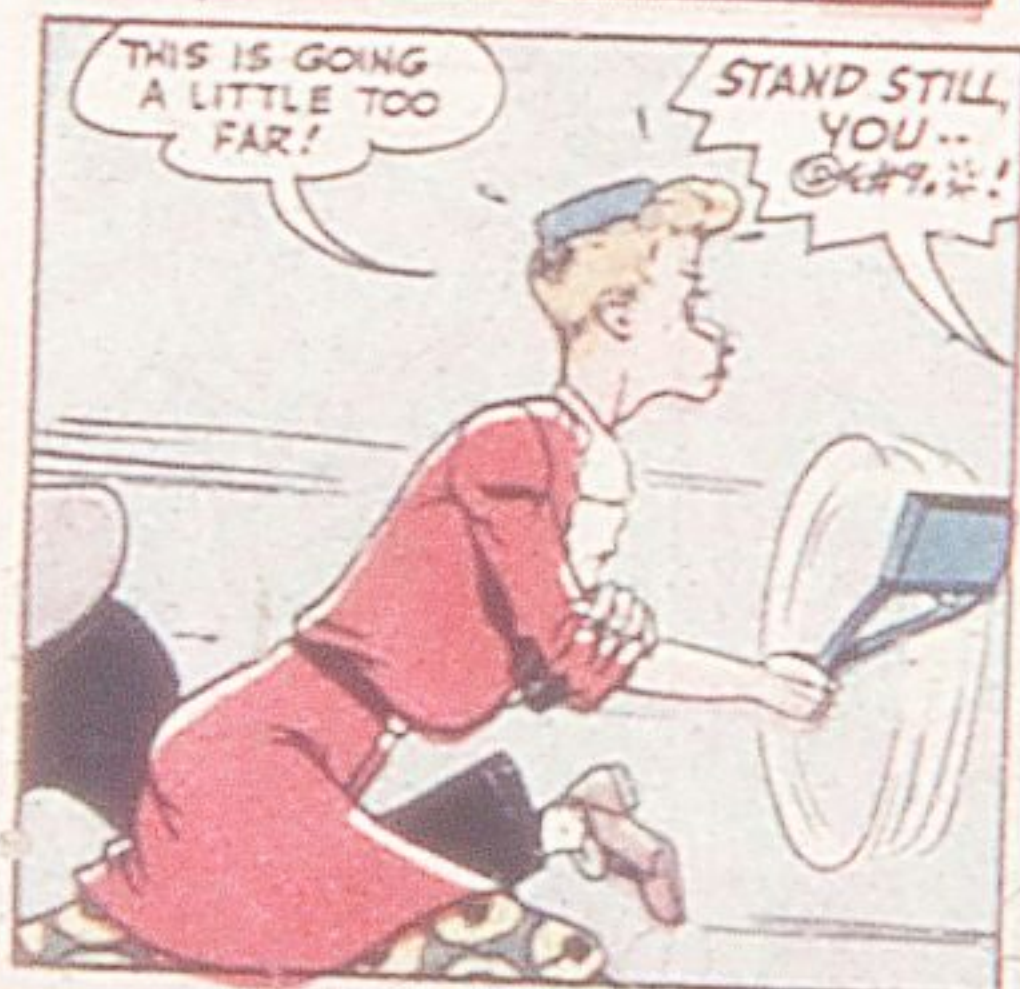


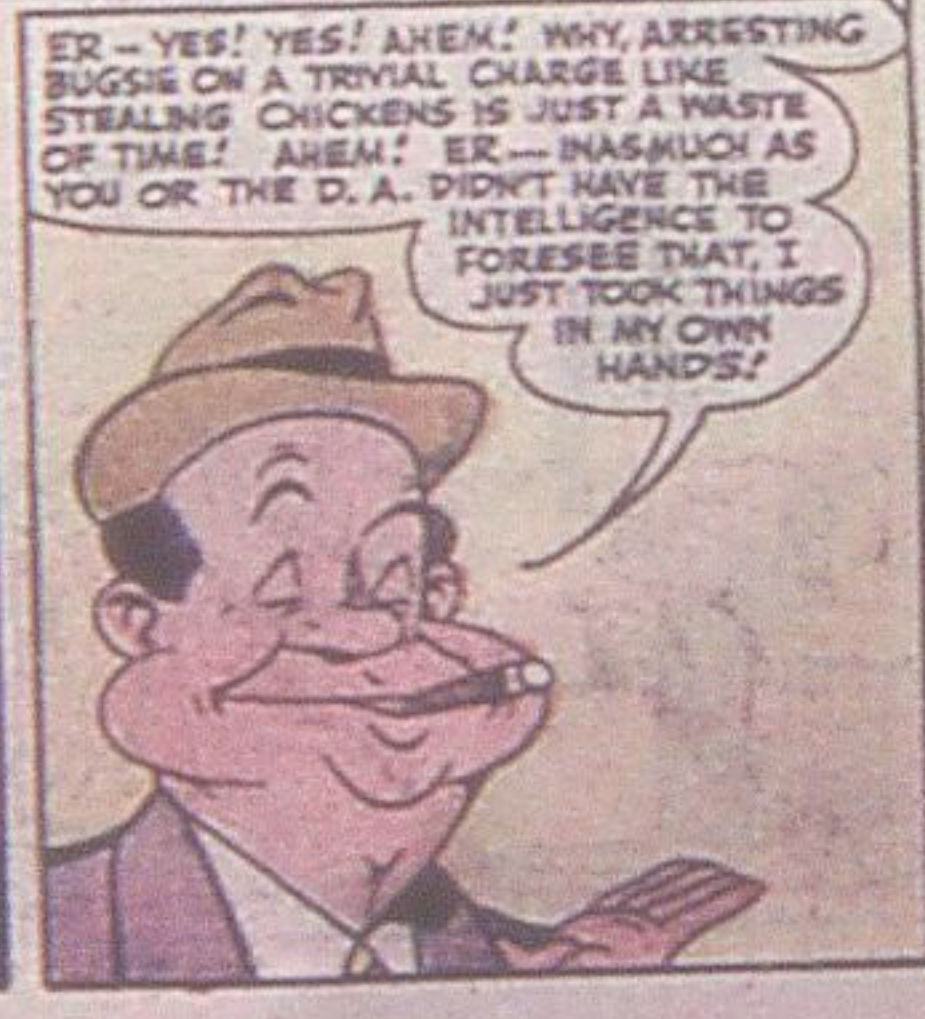
YEAH, FINNY, GO ASK HIM YOURSELF! THAT BIG FELLOW WITH HIM BROUGHT IT TO ME!

NOW, BUGSIE?

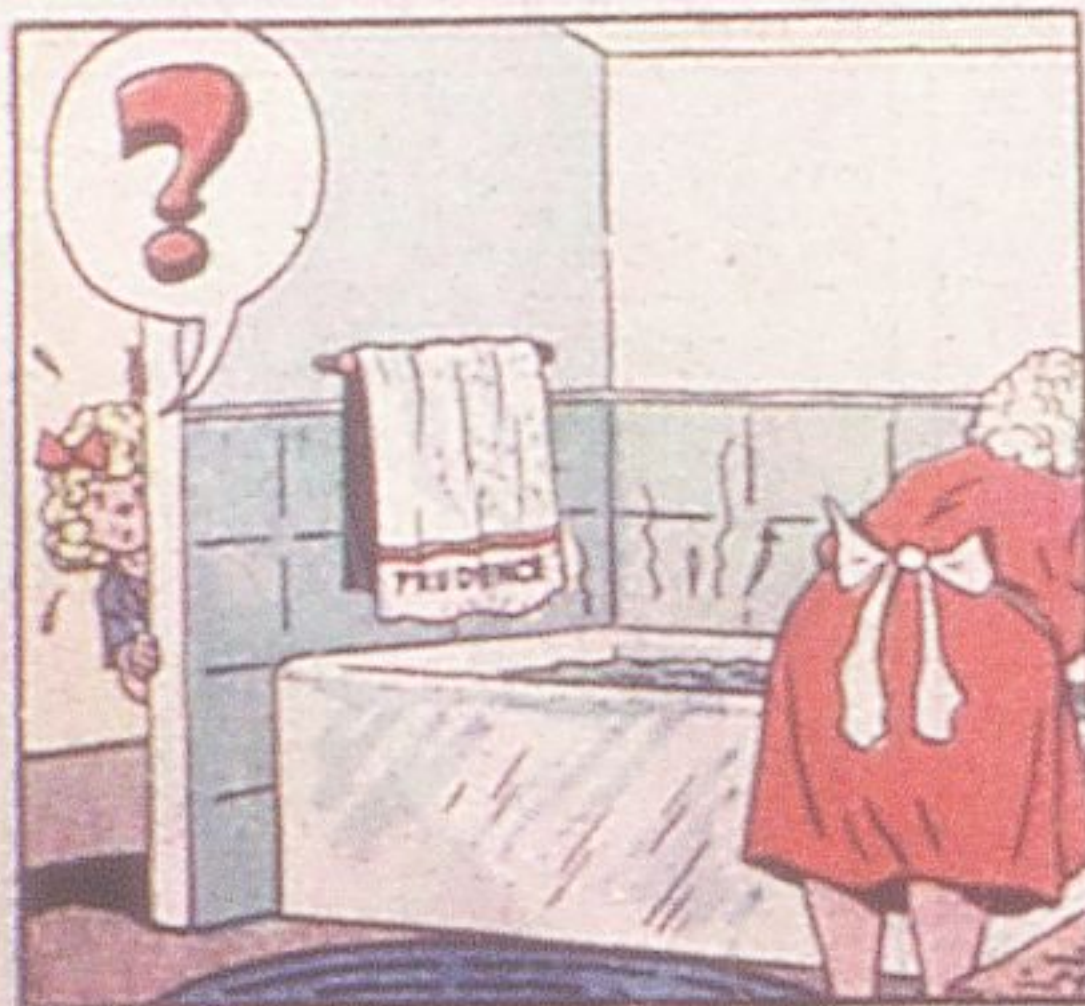
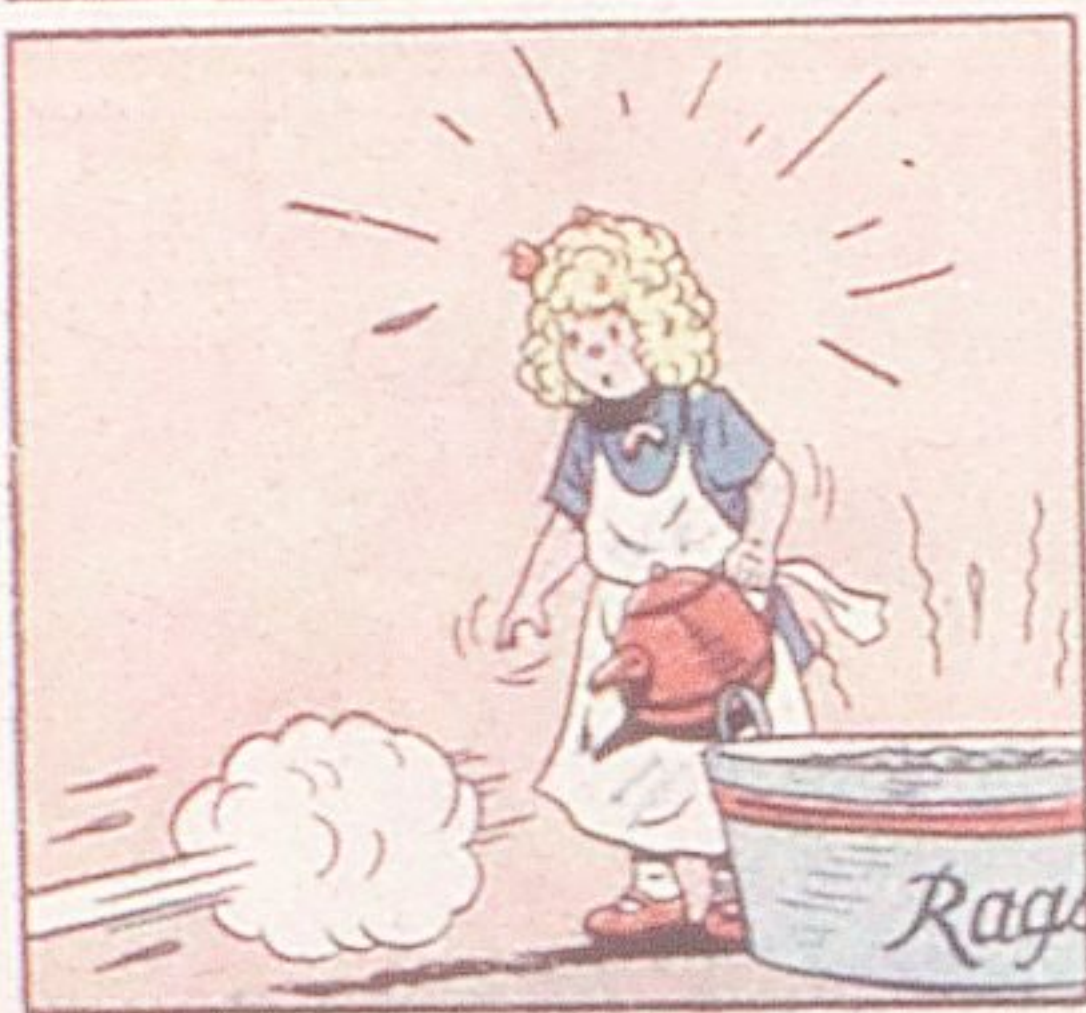
YEAH! AN LET'S GET OUTA HERE BEFORE HE HANGS US!







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City _____ Established 1906

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